

*Night of a  
Hundred*

**MASS-  
MURDERING  
SERIAL-  
KILLING**

*Stars*

Greater love hath no man than to snuff another's life. What more intimate act, what grander display of passion is there than murder? What bigger influence can you have on someone's life than to end it, to erase them from the ontological chalkboard? Can you imagine a higher moral calling than to destroy someone's dreams with one bullet, a blade's swipe, or a pair of thumbs to the throat? Nothing is more thrilling than to act as judge, jury, and executioner, to sever the spirit from the stinking fleshly shell. Killers are exterminating angels, some of the sweetest souls who ever lived. They are the Beautiful People.

Who among us has not secretly desired to kill? Murder is the ultimate aphrodisiac, an icebreaker at parties. To kill is to be fully alive, conquering, dominant. Wake up and smell the carcass.

Murder makes the world go 'round. We *need* murder. Mathematicians estimate that if current birthrates continue, in a thousand years each human on earth will have less than a square *inch* of space. Birth is more harmful to the planet than death. Given this scenario, sex could be seen as more evil than murder, and TV programmers would have been right all along. In more enlightened times, killers would be called "postnatal abortionists," "anti-lifers," or "overpopulation police."

Serial killers and mass murderers intrigue us through the seemingly random nature of their slayings. We expect politicians and gangsters to kill, as it's been their stock in trade for thousands of years. We'd be very disappointed if they *didn't* kill. We might even cry. But you won't see Al Capone or Adolf Hitler on this list. Their motive was obvious: POWER. For this article, we operate by one maxim: "The lesser the motive, the better the murder."

We mostly stick to killers who have been identified and convicted, although the Zodiac Killer and Jack the Stripper were too interesting to pass by. We also tried to keep it somewhat current. Somehow, a Romanian baron who killed hundreds of peasants in the fifteenth century doesn't have the same impact as the guy who axe-murdered four women near your local Burger King ten days ago.

To make our honor roll, a killer had to have claimed at least four lives, the rough equivalent of an American family. (Team murderers are considered one killing unit.) Therefore, some classic slayers are missing from the list: Gary Gilmore, Joseph Kallinger, and Gary Heidnik, among others. However, Ed Gein, who was only proven to have murdered two women, was irresistible. Excepting Gein, all others were required to meet our quota. We have our *standards*, after all! Yet most of our Hot One Hundred were chosen for their *creativity*. That's why killer-of-four Jerry Brudos, who fetishized dead feet and made molds of his victims' breasts, made the list, while Gerald Eugene Stano, who routinely slaughtered forty-one prostitutes, didn't.

For those unaware of the distinction between mass murderers and serial killers, here's the simplest definition: Mass murderers take a lot out at once, while serial killers take a lot out, but one at a time. Though serial killers outnumber mass murderers on this list by a three-to-one margin, there's something tantalizing about the latter's single eruption, that last-straw frustration culminating in one mighty thunderclap. Mass murderers go out blazing, wreaking vengeance for real or imagined slights in what is probably their piddling lives' first assertive act.

Serial killers, on the other hand, are less extroverted, stealthier, smart enough to cover their tracks. For them, murder has become an appetite, possibly superseding the hunger for food and sex. They are serotonin-sapped bogeymen writing personal gospels on their apartment walls. The best thing about serial killers is that they're *out there* somewhere, dozens of them still undetected as you read this.

Since students of murder are as obsessive about their hobby's ephemera as any sports fanatic, we expect to get letters claiming we've bungled the facts. In our defense, we used multiple sources for each

killer's synopsis. However, the available data is maddeningly contradictory. When posting facts and statistics, we used what seemed to be the most reliable source in each case. Unfortunately, we weren't there to witness the murders, so we couldn't tell for sure whose data was correct. You weren't there, either, so shut your mouth.

What follows is the *crème de la* killing, the Academy Awards of murder. But it's not intended to be the last word: If you know of "better" killers, God bless ya. By the time this is printed, some monster will come along who'll make these people look like Walt Disney. Let's hope so. Instead of being definitive, this list is more like a Whitman's Sampler. As with a selection of chocolates, there are some you'll savor, some you'll nibble at and throw away, and some you'll avoid altogether. To be fair, they might not like *you*, either.

Murder is less of a threat than cigarette smoking, arterial plaque, industrial toxins, or driving a car. Yet people shy away from murder as if there's something *wrong* with it. When you read the following accounts, you'll find it nearly impossible to deny these killers their charm and quotability. Oblivious to fanciful moralistic constructs, they have the guts to take matters into their own hands. Are they disturbed? Perhaps, but that's a word we consider synonymous with 'visionary.' Some would say that we've stepped over the line and are glorifying them. Of *course* we are.

And Goad said, "Let there be death!"

## LEGEND



**Body count.** (When a range is given, the lower number usually indicates *proven* murders, the higher number *suspected* murders.)



Mass Murderer/Serial Killer



Sexual Assault



Strangulation



Stabbing/Dismemberment



Shooting



Poison



Slow Torture



Cannibalism



Necrophilia



Satanism/Occultism



Christianity



Heard Voices



Murdered for Cash



Blunt Instruments



Postal Worker



Bed-wetter



Arson



Killed Prostitutes



Prostitute's Son



Killer Documented Murders



Animal Torturer



Suffocation/Drowning



Killed Babies/Children



Explosives



Claimed to be a Vietnam Vet, but Wasn't

★ 1 ★  
**RICHARD ANGELO**  
"The Angel of Death"



A doughy, bearded male nurse who worked the night shift at Long Island's Good Samaritan Hospital, Angelo's colleagues marveled at the skill with which he revived elderly patients who had gone into cardiac arrest.

Sure, this heroic Eagle Scout and former altar boy let a few of his charges slip away, but that's because there was an abnormally high number of emergencies on his shift—hey, wait a minute!



In October, 1987, a patient complained that Angelo slipped an unsolicited drug into his intravenous bottle and told him, "I'm going to make you feel better." Within minutes, the patient started gasping for breath but was able to flag down another nurse, who saved him. Investigators found hypodermic needles and a vial of muscle paralyzer in Richie's locker. Angelo said he stole the pharmaceuticals "to experiment on field mice." Turns out he habitually injected the infirm with the muscle paralyzer, split, and rushed back to the scene, valiantly seeming the hero. One person compared him to a fireman who doubles as an arsonist. This flabby angel was suspected in up to twenty-five deaths, but he was pinned on four murders and given fifty years in the slammer.

**QUOTED** (in a written statement to police): "The reason I injected Mr. Kucich with the drug was the unit was very busy lately, and I felt very inadequate in general. I had to prove myself to the staff and to myself."

**CHARACTER WITNESS** (Angelo's landlord): "He was like the guy next door. He was a quiet person who kept to himself. He was a good tenant, not one of

those rowdy types."



★ 2 ★  
**JOE BALL**



Visitors to The Sociable Inn, Joe Ball's roadside Texas honky-tonk, found a saucy mélange of free-flowing whisky, busty waitresses, and a pit containing five live alligators. A swinging former bootlegger, Joe amused his guests in the mid-to-late 1930s by throwing live cats and dogs into the gator pit and cheering as the hapless house pets were ripped to shreds. Now *that's* entertainment! Joe had no trouble making money, but he just couldn't find good help—his waitresses seemed to disappear as soon as they started working for him. One night, a local cowpoke chanced upon Ball feeding human body parts to the hungry reptiles. Ball gave him a lump of hush money. Joe's third wife fled the state after Ball told her what was in the gators' high-protein diet. Texas police, fearing Mrs. Ball had been murdered, dropped by The Sociable Inn to question Joe, who whipped out a gun and snuffed himself. The San Antonio Zoo was the lucky recipient of the orphaned alligators. Police estimated that Ball murdered seven waitresses, five of whom became pet food.

**QUOTED** (when asked about the high turnover rate of his waitresses): "You know how they are; they come and go."



★ 3 ★  
**MARTHA BECK & RAYMOND FERNANDEZ**  
"The Lonely Hearts Killers"



Ray Fernandez was a skinny, wig-wearing Latin lover described by the press as "a rather seedy Charles Boyer." He incurred brain damage as a result of a boating accident and came to believe that he had psychic powers which forced women to fall in love with him. Responding to an ad in a "Lonely Hearts" magazine, he worked his unctuous charm on Martha Beck, a two-hundred-eighty-pound Florida nurse with a raging appetite for both cookies and nooky. After a steamy courtship, they decided in the late 1940s to finance their romance by swindling other unsuspecting lonely hearts. Ray answered the ads, sweeping his prey off their feet with promises of tropical love. He'd then introduce them to his "sister," Martha, who often acted as the witness at their hastily arranged marriages.

Shortly after the sacred vows were recited, Martha and Ray murdered the new family

member and stripped her of all valuables. The doomed spouses were mainly poisoned, but Martha was known to swing a hammer on occasion, and Ray claimed to have given a Mrs. Myrtle Young a heart attack during a forced sex marathon. They buried their last victims, Delphine Downing and her twenty-month-old daughter, in fresh concrete in the basement of Downing's Grand Rapids, Michigan, home. Police were called to the scene by suspicious neighbors while the cement was still wet. Since Michigan had no death penalty, Ray and Martha were transferred to New York, where they were sentenced to die for the murder of a sixty-six-year-old widow. In jail, their cells were positioned so they could see one another, and the lovebirds were known to blow kisses and write notes back and forth. They declared undying affection until the very end. After Ray had fried, Martha plopped her polyunsaturated bulk into the electric chair, grinning serenely.



**Martha Beck: fat, horny, and deadly.**

**QUOTED** (Ray's last official words): "I want to shout it out. I love Martha. What do [sic] the public know about love?"

**QUOTED** (Martha's last words to the press): "My story is a love story. But only those tortured by love can know what I mean.... Imprisonment in the Death House has only strengthened my feeling for Raymond."



★ 4 ★  
**THE BENDER FAMILY**  
"The Bloody Benders"



Proof positive that the family that slays together stays together. The Benders—Ma, Pa, an oafish son, and the seductive Kate—operated an inn and general store from their cabin in Southeastern Kansas during the early 1870s. A canvas tarpaulin was suspended down the cabin's middle, separating the Benders' bedroom from the rest of the inn. Kate,

a bosomy faith healer and psychic channeler, traveled the county with a spiritualist revue. She lured audience members home to the inn, placed them at the end of a table with the back of their heads nearly touching the canvas tarp, and entertained them over dinner. As the unwitting lodger chomped at his food and listened to Kate's otherworldly babble, one of the Bender boys would clunk him in the head with a sledgehammer from behind the curtain. The bludgeoned corpse was then picked clean of belongings and dumped through a trapdoor leading to the Benders' cellar. The body was later buried nearby. The enterprise ended when a victim's brother inquired about his bro's whereabouts. The Benders fled with ten grand and were never found. A posse discovered eleven unmarked graves next to the Benders' cabin.



★ 5 ★  
**DAVID BERKOWITZ**  
"Son of Sam"



From July, 1976, until August, 1977, this smiling, wool-haired, nice Jewish boy terrified the Big Apple with his nighttime attacks on couples, whom he blasted as they sat necking in cars. Using a .44 Bulldog revolver, Berkowitz

mainly stalked New York City's lovers' lanes, killing six and wounding seven more. He shattered one woman's skull on a Queens sidewalk, firing a bullet through her college textbook as she guarded her face with it. In April of 1977, after murdering a Bronx couple, he dropped a letter near the crime scene. It was addressed to police and read, in part, "I am deeply hurt by your calling me a woman-hater [sic]. I am not. But I am a monster. I am the Son of Sam. I am a little brat. . . I love to hunt. Prowling the streets looking for fair game—tasty meat." This talented writer continued to boast of his exploits in letters to the New York *Daily News*.

He wounded a Queens couple in June and struck again in July, killing a girl and blinding her boyfriend as they sat in their car on a dimly lit Brooklyn street. Berkowitz had been careless enough to park his vehicle in front of a fire hydrant, and police later traced a parking ticket to Dave's Yonkers apartment. They apprehended him without a struggle, and not a moment too soon, for he was planning to visit a disco the next night with a machine gun, telling cops they would have spent "all summer counting the bodies."

Berkowitz lived on a bare mattress under a naked light bulb in an apartment strewn with empty booze bottles. With a flair for self-dramatization matched perhaps only by Manson, he had scrawled "IN THIS HOLE LIVES THE WICKED KING," "KILL FOR MY MASTER," and "I TURN CHILDREN INTO KILLERS" on his empty walls. Some have suggested that he acted in tandem with other Satanists. "Sam" was his neighbor Sam Carr, whose black Labrador's

incessant barking kept Berkowitz awake at night. Dave sent several nasty letters to Carr and once shot the dog but failed to kill it. The dreaded Son of Sam, a nebbishlike former postal worker, told authorities that demons commanded him to kill and that he achieved a "mental orgasm" after murdering. He was sentenced to three hundred and sixty-five years' imprisonment. He now counsels other inmates and collects religious books in his modest Catskills jail cell.



**QUOTED** (in a letter sent to *Daily News* columnist Jimmy Breslin): "Hello from the gutters of N.Y.C. which are filled with dog manure, vomit, stale wine, urine, and blood. Hello from the sewers of N.Y.C. which swallow up these delicacies when they are washed away by the sweeper trucks. Hello from the cracks in the sidewalks of N.Y.C. and from the ants that dwell in these cracks and feed on the dried blood of the dead that has settled into the cracks."

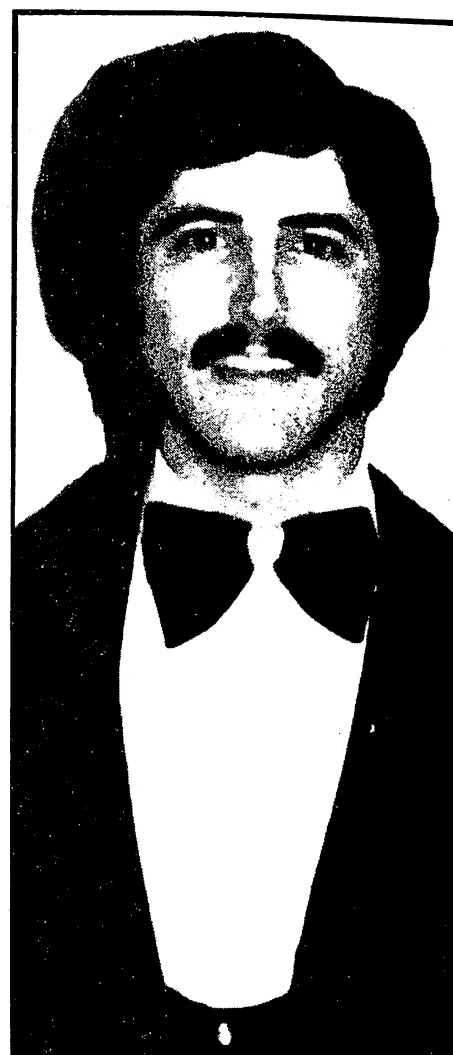


★ 6 ★  
**KENNETH BIANCHI &  
ANGELO BUONO**  
"The Hillside Stranglers"



Ken Bianchi was just an average guy, a sensitive, hard-working father and security guard who liked to jerk off into rabbit pelts. So what if his mom used to savagely spank him for being a bed-wetter and once held his hand over an open flame, forcing him to say he loved her? Who cares that he once forged psychiatric credentials and opened his own counseling service? He was swarthily handsome and loved by all who knew him.

His older cousin Angie Buono, though, was more sinister, a beady-eyed auto upholsterer and part-time pimp. In L.A. during the late



**Bianchi: your typical jerkoff.**

seventies, porn addict Angie drew Ken into the lurid realm of the Hollywood sex industry. Together they cruised for prostitutes and committed their first murder just to see how it felt. They took all but one of their prey to Angie's home, where victims were bound, raped, penetrated with foreign objects, and choked to death. The killer cousins tortured one girl with an electrical cord. They injected another with cleaning fluid and then placed a bag tightly over her head. The bag fed into a hose leading to the stove, where Angie turned on the gas. Bianchi and Buono dumped many of the corpses on Los Angeles hillsides, spreading the victims' legs open as if awaiting intercourse.

When Ken moved to Bellingham, Washington, the Hillside Stranglers mysteriously ceased. He was arrested a year later for the strangulation murders of two Bellingham girls and was finally linked to the L.A. killings. Under hypnosis, he unleashed what seemed to be a violent alter ego named "Steve Walker," a macho killer who despised the strait-laced Ken. A videotape of Bianchi as "Steve" was shown on television and convinced many that Ken suffered from multiple personalities. His insanity plea fell apart when it was discovered that "Steve" was actually Thomas Steven Walker, owner of some college transcripts which Bianchi had stolen. Bianchi got twenty-seven years to life, and Buono was sentenced to life without the



possibility of parole. Angie was later married in a heartwarming ceremony at Folsom Prison.



**Buono: a sinister elfin sadist.**

**QUOTED** (Bianchi as Steve Walker): "It wasn't fuckin' wrong! Why is it wrong to get rid of some fuckin' cunts?"

**CHARACTER WITNESS** (Buono's friend): "He wouldn't hurt a canary bird."



★ 7 ★  
**WAYNE BODEN**  
"The Vampire Rapist"



This nattily attired Montrealer practiced lethal "rough sex" before Robert "Preppie Murderer" Chambers had pubic hair. From 1968 to 1971, he enticed gullible Canadian women with the idea that mild strangulation could spice up their love lives. He left the same evidence in each of his five rape-slayings: bite marks on the victim's breasts and a radiant expression on her face. Most victims showed no signs of a violent struggle. They apparently enjoyed Boden's kinkiness so much, they didn't realize he was killing them. An

orthodontist matched teeth marks found on a victim to Boden's choppers, and Wayne was handed four life sentences. It is not known if he became the Vampire Buttfucker while in jail.



★ 8 ★  
**WILLIAM BONIN**  
"The Freeway Killer"



Vietnam vet Bill Bonin liked to murder young boys on Friday and Saturday nights so he had free time to take his girlfriend roller-skating on Sundays. Driving a green van, he crept along roads in L.A. and Orange County from 1979 to 1980, picking up teenaged males, strangling or stabbing them, and dumping their nude cadavers on the highway shoulder. This heartless bastard even killed a boy who was hitchhiking to Disneyland! Bonin often strangled his victims with their own T-shirts, spinning a tire iron around the garment in a deadly tourniquet. He jammed an ice pick into one poor soul's ear after forcing him to drink chlorohydrate acid. He cut off a victim's genitals and placed them two feet from the corpse. The aptly named Vernon Butts, an accomplice in at least five of the robbery-killings, once stuffed a coat hanger up a victim's ass. Ouch! Bonin kept news clippings about the murders in his glove compartment and stupidly told others that he was the Freeway Killer.

Vernon Butts hanged himself while in jail. Judge William Keene, who would later star as *The Judge* on the daytime courtroom TV series, presided over Bonin's trial and spat out his disgust for the sadistic sex killer. A prosecutor described Bonin as having an "insatiable appetite" for murder. Bonin received the death sentence. The US Supreme Court rejected his appeal, so it's only a matter of time before he gets the gas.

**QUOTED** (to accomplice Gregory Miley after snuffing one victim): "I'm horny—I need another one."



★ 9 ★  
**IAN BRADY & MYRA HINDLEY**  
"The Moors Murderers"



An illegitimate punk from Glasgow's slums, Ian Brady met bird-faced Myra Hindley at a chemical company where both worked. The crazy, love-struck kids formed an after-hours friendship steeped in hardcore porn, the writings of de Sade, and Nazi philosophy. Hindley was considered a normal, sexually repressed British girl, but soon after she met Brady, her panties dropped and she was eagerly posing for explicit photos.



**Brady: sullen porno Nazi.**

Their first victim was sixteen-year-old Pauline Reade, whom they buried on Saddleworth Moor in 1963. Reade's body wasn't found until twenty-four years later. Little John Kilbride, twelve, was the next to be launched into eternity by the deadly duo, but not before Brady and Hindley snapped some commemorative photos. Ian and Myra slept on Kilbride's grave on Christmas Eve, 1964. Keith Bennett, twelve, met much the same fate, as did Lesley Ann Downey, ten. Not only did the killer couple shoot photos of Lesley Ann, they tape-recorded the dying bumpkin's desperate pleas for mercy.



**Hindley: birdlike child-torturer.**

After the fourth murder, Brady was feeling a bit full of himself. He bragged of his achievements to David Smith, Hindley's teenaged brother-in-law. Brady picked up young homosexual Edward Evans in a bar, brought him home, sat him on a sofa, and crushed his head with an axe while Smith watched. Brady then poured glasses of wine for himself and the dumbfounded Smith. Evans had kicked Brady during the struggle, so Ian decided to spite him by not burying his body for a full day. Smith later notified police, and the mod

murderers were given life sentences.



## ★ 10 ★ CARL BROWN



Brown, a fifty-one-year-old former teacher, strolled into a Miami machine shop during the summer of 1982 wearing a straw hat and carrying his Mossberg 500 "Persuader." He smoked eight humans, walked out the back door, and lackadaisically pedaled away on his bicycle. Two observers gave chase in a car, shot Brown, and finished him off by slamming their vehicle into him. It all seems like a senseless waste of human life, but Brown had his reasons. He had taken his lawn mower into the shop for some welding work. They fixed the mower according to his specifications, but they handed him a bill for *twenty dollars!* Would you have let them get away with it?

**CHARACTER WITNESS:** A neighbor described Brown as "quiet and eccentric."



## ★ 11 ★ JERRY BRUDOS "The Lust Killer"



Brudos was arrested at age seventeen for capturing a woman and making her strip while he took pictures. Sentenced to nine months in the loony bin, he told a counselor that he often thought about refrigerating dead women so he could twist their pliant bodies into erotic positions. Despite the fact that such a confession screamed NUT JOB, the authorities released him, and Jerry went on to fulfill his dreams. He married and demanded that his wife never wear clothes around the house. Jerry would sometimes don the little lady's undergarments himself, but clothes on the wife were *verboten*.

His first murder victim was nineteen-year-old Linda Slawson, a door-to-door encyclopedia saleswoman. After inviting her in, Brudos crushed Slawson's skull with a wooden plank, then severed her foot and kept it in a freezer. He was wont to slip a really nice shoe on it from time to time. He strangled his second victim, fucked the corpse, severed one of her tits, and made an epoxy mold of it. The third girl lost both breasts. The fourth went home with Jerry after meeting him in a mall and was strangled, zapped with electricity, and possibly jabbed with needles. Brudos suspended his victims on a garage meat hook and played with them after death, often dressing them and snapping pictures. He placed mirrors above his victims so he could admire them from different angles. All four murders took place in the Portland, Oregon, area from

1968 to 1969. Police eventually traced the killings to Brudos, who received four life sentences. The former electronics technician now happily taps away on a personal computer in prison.

**QUOTED** (to Linda Slawson): "I'm really interested in buying encyclopedias."



## ★ 12 ★ DAVID BULLOCK "The Happy Murderer"



A thrill killer of the highest order, this male hustler said murder gave him an "emotional high." Over a month during the New York winter of '81-'82, he shot six people to death, rousing some from slumber before killing them so he could watch their horrified expressions. His murders were apparently unprovoked, and he knew more than a few of his victims. One was his roommate, whose body was dumped into the Harlem River. He killed an actor who was starring in "Babes in Toyland" and an investment banker who had paid Bullock for sex. Describing the latter killing, Dave said, "I just put the pillow over his head and shot him....No particular reason, something to amuse myself." He readily confessed to police in a ninety-minute videotape and laughed as he recalled the details in court. The judge didn't share Bullock's sense of mirth and gave the former bicycle thief life in prison.

**QUOTED** (describing a murder which occurred when he returned to a man's apartment after a Christmas party and became annoyed when the man began fussing over a Christmas tree): "It was in the Christmas spirit. It makes me happy."



## ★ 13 ★ TED BUNDY



An enigmatic superstar murderer with Ken-doll looks who killed well-heeled, WASPish women that reminded him of a former fiancée. A law student and member of the Young Republicans, Ted was an easy-going smoothie with disarming wit. Superficially, he didn't fit the one-eyed, ogrelike serial-killer stereotype, but he was actually an illegitimate, social-climbing poor boy. Raised in his early years by a violent grandfather in rural Vermont, Bundy made a career of murdering the cheerleader types of which he felt unworthy.

Ted's trail of destruction started around 1974 in the Seattle area, where he had worked as a suicide-hotline counselor and, ironically, written



### Ted before...

an anti-rape manual. Like Kenneth Bianchi, he posed at one point as a therapist. Bundy cruised malls, college campuses, and other seemingly safe places, frequently wearing his arm in a sling to appear vulnerable. He introduced himself as Ted and sheepishly requested that the woman help him carry groceries to his car. He typically raped his victims first, then bludgeoned or choked them to death. He sodomized some, used foreign objects on others, and was said to have given one girl a shampoo and make-over after she died. He bit some of his victims and told an arresting officer, "Sometimes I feel like a vampire." He disposed of his prey in remote wooded areas, leaving some to decompose and never be recovered. The voyeuristic former Boy Scout and full-time alcoholic was twice suspected by Seattle police, only to have his name cleared both times.

When Ted moved from Seattle to study law in Salt Lake City, the murders moved with him. He was arrested by Utah cops in August, 1975. Hair samples found in his car matched those of a murder victim. It seemed that Ted Bundy's killing career had ended. He was transferred to a Colorado jail on suspicion of murders in that state and continued to study law while incarcerated. He was a model prisoner who insisted that he was framed. Ted was allowed special privileges such as access to health food and use of the law library. He escaped through a library window, was captured, and continued to defend himself in court until he escaped again.

Bundy hightailed it to Florida, where he continued to kill until his arrest in February, 1978. He received the death penalty for the murders of two sorority sisters and a twelve-year-old girl. Throughout the long appeals process, Ted glibly speculated about his murders without actually confessing to them. He finally sizzled in January, 1989, much to the delight of bloodthirsty Floridians.

In various interviews, Bundy admitted that murder gave him a near-sexual release of tension but left him feeling depressed. He spoke of a malignant "inner entity" which compelled him to kill. Near the end, he blamed it all on the influence of hardcore pornography. A plodding TV-movie, *The Deliberate Stranger*, was based on Ted's story, starring that wooden nudnik Mark Harmon in one of the worst miscasts of all time.



...and after.

**QUOTED:** "Killers are very rational people. The more people they kill, the better they get at disposing of bodies.... You only find the bodies that a serial killer wants you to find. There's plenty more you'll never find.... I don't feel guilty for anything.... I feel sorry for people who feel guilt.... I'm the coldest motherfucker you'll ever put your eyes on."



★ 14 ★  
**REG CHRISTIE**  
"The Monster of Rillington Place"



Described as a "shy killer," Christie's a classic example of sexual inadequacy gone awry. Peers had teased him in his teens, calling him "Reggie No-Dick" in reference to his alleged shortcomings. A member of Britain's War Reserve Police, Christie was known as a tattletale who was anal about other officers' minor infractions.

Through the 1940s and '50s, he killed five prostitutes, his wife, plus a woman and her child who lived in his apartment dwelling. He buried six of his victims in and around the building, pausing before burial to snip away their bushy pubes for safekeeping.

Christie couldn't have sex with a woman while she was conscious. He would bring a prostitute home, get her drunk, then make her inhale coal gas on the pretense of it being a cure for asthma or a cold. After she passed out, he would rape and strangle her, sometimes simultaneously.

He grew more careless with each murder. He killed a woman who lived above him by posing as an abortionist, then murdered her fourteen-month-old daughter. The woman's cretinous husband initially confessed to the murders in a bout of confusion, but he later blamed Christie, who took the big swing in 1953.



**Christie's pubic-hair collection.**

**QUOTED** (describing his state of mind after raping and strangling a woman): "Once again I experienced that quiet, peaceful thrill. I had no regrets."



★ 15 ★  
**DOUGLAS DANIEL CLARK**  
("The Sunset Strip Slayer") &  
**CAROL BUNDY**



Carol Bundy met Doug Clark while working at a soap factory in the San Fernando Valley and became "virtually mesmerized" by Doug's domineering manner. They soon shackled up together, but Clark failed to abandon his habit of trolling Sunset Boulevard for hookers. He told Carol that he liked to screw freshly killed girls. It seemed a little odd, but she *loved* him, so it was OK. At home, Carol took pictures while Doug received blow jobs from prostitutes. If a girl was especially slutty or gave Doug sloppy lip service, he shot her in the skull while coming in her mouth. Most of his victims were very young, from their mid-teens down to eleven years old. As a stinky sort of hunting trophy, Doug collected his prey's panties. He also decapitated more than one of his victims, cleaning and storing their heads in the fridge. Ever helpful, Carol applied makeup to one head so it was more comely when Doug took it into the shower for a private rendezvous. Carol said she was initially turned off by the head but learned to have "a lot of fun with it." The romantic sort, Doug took Carol on little getaways to show her where he dumped the headless corpses.

Carol eventually snitched on Doug to a former boyfriend, who in turn rattled to police. Realizing that she would be implicated in the murders, Carol brought her former beau to an isolated area, fucked him, stabbed him, and

hacked off his head. She eventually got nervous and blabbed to co-workers. She testified against Clark while maintaining that she loved him.

Clark, a self-described "king of the one-night stands" who wore women's undergarments as a child, claimed that Carol had framed him, alleging that she and her former boyfriend were the true culprits. In court, the sick SOB insisted he was innocent while begging for the death penalty. He taunted the judge at every opportunity and grinned as his conviction was read. In 1983, he was found guilty of six murders and received his coveted death sentence. Carol was convicted of murdering her boyfriend and of aiding Doug in one of the prostitute slayings. All she was doing was helping him get a head! Whoa-ha-ha-ha-ha!

**QUOTED** (Douglas Clark): "There are a hell of a lot worse things that can happen than to die in the gas chamber.... I don't march to the same drummer you do. If we were all like me, Sodom and Gomorrah might look like a nice place to stay."

**QUOTED** (Carol Bundy): "I don't know if you guys have ever in your life shot anybody, but it's really fun to do.... It sounds terrible, but it is."



★ 16 ★  
**ALTON D. COLEMAN &  
DEBRA BROWN**



Al and Deb were a black couple who killed both races in a Midwestern spree during the summer of '84. They raped, robbed, and killed through Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, and Ohio. The couple's first victim was a friend's nine-year-old child. Al strangled a seven-year-old girl and raped her aunt in Gary, Indiana. Al and Deb beat a Cincinnati couple to death using a giant candlestick, a knife, pliers, and a crowbar. Another pair of victims, a Toledo woman and her ten-year-old daughter, were found dead beneath their home. A seven-week pursuit ended when Coleman and Brown were found sitting on bleachers in Evanston, Illinois. Al was sentenced to die in the electric chair. A gambling, bed-wetting hothead who abused Debra, he could apparently satisfy his desires with anyone, regardless of race, gender, or age. He believed he had been commissioned by blacks to kill blacks.

**QUOTED** (Debra Brown, regarding one of the murders): "I killed the bitch and I don't give a damn. I had fun out of it.... I'm a more kind and understandable and lovable person than people think I am."

**CHARACTER WITNESS:** A friend of Coleman's called Al "an extremely pleasant type of guy."



★ 17 ★  
**JOHN NORMAN COLLINS**  
 "The Michigan Co-ed Killer"



A handsome, muscular, over-sexed, all-American student at Eastern Michigan University, Collins was used to getting what he wanted from women. What he wanted was to kill them. Most of his victims were large-breasted co-eds who in the late sixties made the mistake of accepting rides from him. He severed his first victim's hands and feet and even had the nerve to tell funeral-home directors that he was a friend who wanted to photograph the corpse. (They refused.) He stabbed his second victim forty-seven times. His third was shot and strangled, but Collins was nice enough not to rape her—she had her *period*, for God's sake! The fourth victim, a sixteen-year-old, was bound, whipped with a belt buckle, and had her skull crushed. Police found cloth jammed down her throat and a tree branch stuffed in her vagina. The next to fall prey, a thirteen-year-old, had been strangled, raped, and sliced open. Police found clues in a rural Michigan farmhouse, which was subsequently destroyed by arson. Cops later discovered five slit lilacs placed near the farm, as if the killer was teasing them about his five victims. Collins raped the sixth girl and shot her in the skull, then needlessly stabbed her again and again. Celebrity psychic Peter Hurkos was brought on the case and said that the killer was well-built and younger than twenty-five. He prophesied one more murder.

He was right. Collins poured a caustic fluid on his last victim's breasts and stuck her underwear up her hole. He hinted to girlfriends that he was the Co-ed Killer, and campus rumors made him a suspect. Hair clippings found on the last victim's panties matched those from the basement of John's uncle. Collins was apprehended, and the beefy rapist cried like a baby upon his arrest. He was sentenced to a minimum of twenty years' hard labor.

**QUOTED** (in a college English paper): "If a person wants something, he alone is the deciding factor of whether or not to take it—regardless of what society thinks may be right or wrong.... It's the same if a person holds a gun on somebody—it's up to him to decide whether to take the other's life or not."



★ 18 ★  
**ADOLFO de JESUS CONSTANZO**  
 "The Matamoros Cult Killer"



A homosexual voodoo cult leader and male model, Constanzo managed a dope-running operation in Matamoros, Mexico. At the Santa Elena Ranch, a hundred-acre clod of parched earth just across the Rio Grande from Texas, Constanzo used the African religion *Palo Mayombe* to his own gory

ends. He duped his disciples into believing that human sacrifice protected them from cops and rivals and that bullets would bounce off them. The cult practiced their rituals in a dilapidated shack with blood-soaked walls. Black cauldrons contained an ungodly swill of herbs, animal parts, and human brains. For a change of pace, the cult sometimes threw in human hearts and lungs, stirring well. They skinned some victims alive. One was scalded to death. Another supposedly had his heart ripped out while he was still breathing. Yet another was castrated, had a toe and a nipple removed, and then had his neck snapped. Constanzo (called *El Padrino*, or Godfather, by his followers) performed or oversaw the killings, which were said to have excited him sexually.



In April of 1989, police were drawn to the "Hell Ranch" when one of the cultists, assured of his invincibility, drove through a barricade. Cult members, certain that no harm would come to them, laughed as they led cops from body to stinking body—thirteen in a mass grave at the Ranch, two more a few miles south. One of the corpses was that of Mark Kilroy, a blond gringo student who had been abducted while he celebrated Spring Break in Matamoros. Kilroy's spine, genitals, and heart were missing. Many of the other victims also had their spines removed—Constanzo and his disciples wore them as good-luck necklaces.

The stupid-ass cultists were, of course, arrested on the spot. Constanzo and other higher-ups had already fled and were later traced to Mexico City. In the midst of a gun battle with police, Constanzo commanded his henchmen to kill him and his male lover. Constanzo's group of *narcosatanicos* were thought to have committed at least nine additional spine-removal murders in Mexico City.

**QUOTED** (Sara Maria Aldrete Villareal, the cult's high priestess, on the strange power Constanzo held over his believers): "If he tells you to do something right now, you will do it. I don't even know why, but you will do it."



★ 19 ★  
**WILLIAM E. COOK**



Raised by his parents in an abandoned mine shaft until mom died and dad split, li'l Billy was the only one of the Cook kids who couldn't find foster parents. Like Charlie Manson, he spent most of his youth in reform schools and in the pen, where he nearly croaked a fellow inmate with a baseball bat. Upon reaching adulthood, he tracked down his father and told him, "I'm gonna live by the gun and room."



A short bulldog of a man, the hitchhiking killer had **HARD LUCK** tattooed on his left hand. His malformed right eyelid never closed, lending his appearance a sleepwalking wickedness. In the last days of 1950, he hijacked a car in Texas, put its owner in the trunk, and drove until he ran out of gas. He flagged down Carl Mosser and his family, forcing them at gunpoint to drive aimlessly for seventy-two hours in a crazy overlapping pattern through four states. Mosser tried and failed to overtake Cook at a Wichita Falls gas station. Cook then commanded him to drive to a deserted road and pumped lead into all five members of the Mosser family. He shot their dog, too, stuffed the six corpses into the car, and drove to Missouri, where he dumped them—shades of his childhood?—into an abandoned mine shaft. A cop trailed Cook to Blythe, California, but Cook turned the tables and forced the officer to drive into the desert, binding him and throwing his uniformed body

into the sagebrush. Cook drove away in the police car until he realized it was a bit too conspicuous. He strong-armed another driver out of a car and struggled with him as the auto rolled away unmanned. Cook shot the feisty vehicle owner in the head and left his body in a ditch near Yuma, Arizona.

He was apprehended by Mexican police six hundred miles south of Tijuana. Cook retained the chip on his shoulder, jabbing his elbow into a prison doctor's guts and hissing at the crowd assembled for his execution. After being gassed in December, 1952, Cook's body was publicly displayed by an undertaker. Hordes of the morbidly curious ogled the lifeless gunman.

**QUOTED** (in his last official words to a prison chaplain): "I hate everybody's guts."



★ 20 ★  
**DEAN CORLL**  
"The Man With the Candy"



Dean was born on Christmas Eve, 1939, in Fort Wayne, Indiana. A sickly child, he was a mommy's boy who had been emotionally heckled by his father. The sensitive tot was once traumatized by peers at a birthday party. According to a friend, Dean "turned into a fag" while in the Army. He became a manager in his mom's candy company after resuming civilian life and was often seen handing out sweetened treats to local children. When mom closed shop in the late sixties, something snapped inside the corpulent candy man.

Fond of snuggling up with his Snoopy doll, Corll hosted glue-sniffing parties for young boys in a blighted Houston neighborhood. He promised to pay his teenaged helpers Elmer Wayne Henley and David Owen Brooks two hundred dollars a pop for bringing young males to his home. Once there, he'd handcuff his new friends to a wooden board, then viciously sodomize and murder them. In the course of their torture, Corll sometimes planted a seventeen-inch dildo all the way up their tender young behinds. On occasion, he bit off their dicks. His oldest victim was a college student, the youngest a boy of nine.

One night in August, 1973, Henley enraged Corll by bringing not only a boy to his home, but a girl. Yuck! Henley and his acquaintances passed out in the midst of huffing paint from paper bags. Elmer awoke to find himself handcuffed to the torture board, but he persuaded Dean to set him loose with assurances that he'd help him slay the others. He later snatched Dean's gun and shot him six times, killing the portly sadomasochistic murderer. A shaken Henley notified police.

Houston cops uncovered "wall-to-wall bodies," the corpses of seventeen boys, placed under a floor in a boat shed Corll had rented. A bag containing several sets of male genitalia was also discovered on the premises. Ten more

bodies were found at two other sites. At the time, the twenty-seven cadavers constituted the largest serial-killing spree in twentieth-century America.

Brooks, who said Corll once gave him ten bucks for allowing Dean to blow him, was given a life sentence. Henley was given five hundred and ninety-four years in jail. When John Wayne Gacy broke Corll's "record" in the early eighties by slaughtering thirty-three young males, Henley seemed jealous, insisting that the police must have missed a few bodies.

**CHARACTER WITNESS** (a relative of Corll's who requested anonymity): "Dean was a good boy.... He was almost *too* good, tried to do favors for people, always tried to make the best of every situation."



★ 21 ★  
**JUAN CORONA**



In May, 1971, police in Northern California unearthed twenty-five bodies, some hacked beyond recognition, in peach orchards near the Feather River. The killings were apparently homosexual in nature, for some victims were found with their pants down near their ankles. Most of the dead were alcoholic transients, migrant workers hired to work the fields. Police estimated that all had been killed within the previous five or six weeks.



Pink receipts found in the clothing of two victims were inscribed with the name of Juan Corona, a labor contractor and diagnosed schizo. In his ranch house near the peach orchards, Corona kept a ledger containing the names of at least seven victims alongside dates

which may have corresponded with their murders. Bloodstains were found in his van and Chevy Impala. Police arrested Corona and charged him with the murders.

The burly father of four was convicted on circumstantial evidence and was given twenty-five life terms. There were hints during the trial that he didn't act alone. Doubt lingers as to whether Corona committed the slayings, and some Chicanos insist he was the victim of a racist frame-up. While writing a letter to a supporter, Corona was stabbed in his cell by four inmates, who blinded him in one eye.



★ 22 ★  
**JEFFREY DAHMER**  
"The Milwaukee Cannibal"



He was a lonely boy. His parents were always screaming at each other. They divorced by the time he finished high school, and his mother moved to Wisconsin with his younger brother. Jeffrey was left behind.

He had tried being the class clown. He staged phony epileptic fits in the hallways. He made sheep noises in class. He used a funny little walk—four steps forward, two steps back—in his trips to and from school. Still, his classmates didn't get it.

Less than a month after graduation, he picked up a hitchhiker and brought him home. Finally, a friend. Someone to talk to. After a few beers, his companion wanted to leave. Alone again, left behind. Jeffrey strangled him with a barbell and chopped him into tiny little bits.

Too awkward to deal with the living, Jeffrey Dahmer found solace in dead flesh. A chemist's son, he enjoyed scraping meat off animals' bones, using acid from a chemistry kit dad had given him. A neighbor once found a dog's head impaled on a stake near Dahmer's Ohio home. When Jeffrey graduated to killing humans, he compared stripping their flesh to "skinning a chicken."

Dahmer became an Army medic shortly after his first murder and was known for drinking himself into oblivion while Black Sabbath pounded away in his headphones. After being discharged, he moved into his grandmother's house near Milwaukee and found a job working for a blood bank. In 1986, he flapped his weenie in full view of some Milwaukee children and was arrested. His grandmother later asked him to leave. In 1988, family members found a vat filled with chemicals and bones in grandma's basement. Dahmer later confessed to having killed three men while living there.

A chain-smoker and full-blown beer junkie, Dahmer settled into his job at the Ambrosia Chocolate Factory. He moved into a low-rent apartment (924 North 25th Street, #213) in a black neighborhood on Milwaukee's west side. He was arrested in 1988 for offering a Laotian boy fifty bucks to pose for nude pictures. He eventually served ten months in prison, where he



was probably raped. He emerged in March, 1990, with a new-found hatred of blacks.

A homosexual who abhorred homosexuality, Dahmer cruised gay nightspots in Milwaukee and Chicago. He was ejected from one sex club for enticing men into a private room and drugging them unconscious. Using the ruse of a free photo session, he turned to luring young men, most of them black and gay, back to his pad.

Dahmer's apartment was equipped with a high-tech surveillance system and numerous locks to ensure that no one escaped. He spiked his victims' drinks with powdered Halcion and strangled them after they passed out. Once they were dead and he was certain they would never, ever leave him, he had sex with the corpse, either blowing it or slipping on a condom and riding the Hershey Highway.

Dahmer snapped Polaroids of his victims in various phases of mutilation. He boiled and saved their skulls. He dismembered their remains with a power saw and placed their body parts in an acid-filled plastic vat. Jeffrey kept the vat near his bed so he could sleep beside his decomposing lovers.

His downstairs neighbors heard him screaming at someone late at night and were puzzled when they didn't hear anyone respond. Another neighbor complained to Dahmer of the putrid odors billowing from his apartment. With deceptive grace, he apologized and told her that his refrigerator was on the blink, causing his meat to spoil. Dahmer also charmed Milwaukee police in May, 1991, explaining that the Asian youth who had run screaming from his apartment with blood trickling down his ass was simply a confused boyfriend. The cops returned the boy to Dahmer's custody, and Jeff killed him shortly thereafter. Ironically, the victim's brother was the boy Dahmer was jailed for trying to entice in 1988.

Dahmer heightened his killing pace into the summer. When a hysterical, partially handcuffed Tracy Edwards stopped a squad car and said he was nearly murdered by a man on North 25th Street, police were forced to investigate. Inside Dahmer's fly-infested apartment they discovered a human head sitting in the refrigerator. In all, they found four heads and seven skulls. Three bodies slowly dissolved in Dahmer's bedroom vat. A kettle in his closet

contained male genitals and a hand.

There was no food in Dahmer's apartment, only condiments. He told the police he had stashed one victim's heart in the freezer "to eat later." He testified that he seasoned some of his victims with salt, pepper, and meat tenderizer. Witnesses said he meowed like a cat as he was being led away in handcuffs.

Jeffrey Dahmer will be eligible for parole in the year 2928. Until then, you can write to him at the Columbia Correctional Institution in Portage, Wisconsin.

**QUOTED** (from a prepared statement delivered in a monotonous voice at his sentencing): "This has never been a case of trying to get free. I never wanted freedom. Frankly, I wanted death for myself. . . . I hated no one. I knew I was sick, or evil, or both. Now I believe I was sick. I know that I will have to turn to God to help me get through each day. I should have stayed with God. I tried and I failed, and created a holocaust."





★ 23 ★  
**RONNIE DeFeo**  
**"The Amityville Murderer"**



This cocky, hairy, macho goombah from Amityville, New York, frequently threatened to kill his family. He once pointed an unloaded gun at dad's head and pulled the trigger. One night in the fall of 1974, while his family slept, he went from room to room and blasted their scalps onto their pillows. Claiming that he's "not a pig," he hid the bullet cartridges and cleaned up afterwards. He told police that since dad had Mafia connections, the mob must have done it.

The small-time hood, part-time junkie, and full-time pathological liar gave conflicting accounts until he finally broke, blaming his spree on an unhappy home life. He was known for an explosive temper—once bopping a friend in the head with a live clam—and had often engaged in Oedipally vicious fights with his father. It seemed that pop had threatened to throw Junior out of the house, and that was too much for the spoiled rich kid to take.

DeFeo told people he wanted to be as famous as Manson. He copped an insanity plea and practiced his lunatic act in prison, fine-tuning a sinister laugh, squawking like a bird, lighting fires, and stripping naked. No one bought it, and Ronnie was convicted of all six murders. The subsequent owners of DeFeo's house left after a month, claiming it was haunted and laying the groundwork for that silly movie, *The Amityville Horror*.

**QUOTED** (at his trial): "When I got a gun in my hand, there's no doubt in my mind who I am. I am God."

**CHARACTER WITNESS** (Ronnie's girlfriend): "He was a perfect gentleman—quiet, reserved, polite."



★ 24 ★  
**ALBERT DeSALVO**  
**"The Boston Strangler"**



Beset with a rhinoceros-sized sex drive and a frigid wife, this big-handed schizophrenic terrorized Beantown women in the early sixties. Posing as a detective, plumber, or modeling-agency scout, he'd talk his way into a victim's apartment, rape her, strangle her with a cord, tie the murder weapon in a neat bow under her chin, and provocatively position the corpse. He preyed mainly on middle-aged and elderly women, sometimes raping them with foreign objects. In his final foray, he broke into a woman's residence, fondled her naughty bits for a while, apologized, and left. The woman's description led to DeSalvo's arrest. He received a life sentence for robberies and sex crimes which occurred prior to the murders and was never formally charged as the Boston



**Jeff Dahmer as a lad.**

Strangler. He confessed to the thirteen Strangler killings during a stay at the nut house. On November 26, 1973, he died in a Massachusetts jail cell from knife wounds to the heart.

For DeSalvo, an appalling childhood and monstrous libido were a deadly mix. As a kid, li'l Al watched as daddy broke mommy's fingers one at a time. Booze-guzzling dad once sold Albert and his sister into slavery for half a year. Albert practiced archery on cats and was arrested for breaking and entering at age twelve. Bisexual as a teen, he astounded neighborhood kids with his capacity for the eternal boner. He claimed he could cum in his pants simply by fantasizing and be ready to rouse his soldier again moments later, bragging that "five or six times a day don't mean much to me." Might not mean anything to *you*, Al, but *we're* impressed!

**QUOTED** (regarding the murder of a graduate

student): "Once I stabbed her once, I couldn't stop.... I hit her and hit her and hit her...."



★ 25 ★  
**NANNIE DOSS**  
**"The Giggling Grandma"**



A reader of *True Romance*, Nannie poisoned four of five husbands because she thought they were cheating on her. If they weren't, she was certain that they were *planning* on it. The Tulsa, Oklahoma, resident also blotted out two of her sisters, two of her kids, her mom, a grandson, and a nephew. Using rat poison and arsenic, she slipped lethal doses into





**DeSalvo flaunting a giant hand.**

one husband's whisky and another's stewed prunes—the ultimate laxative! Nannie received a life sentence in 1964 and died a year later. She got her nickname when she laughed while confessing to police.

**QUOTED** (on why she killed so many husbands): "I was searching for the perfect mate, the real romance of life."



★ 26 ★

## AMELIA ELIZABETH DYER "The Reading Baby Farmer"



This former Salvation Army soldier killed babies and is therefore very special to us. Operating in England during the late 1800s, she collected boarding fees for the cuddly little infants, choked them to death,

and dumped their fuzzy bodies in a canal. A bargeman working along the Thames River dredged up a dead, swollen toddler and found tape wrapped around its throat. Dyer, realizing that her fifteen-year career was over, tried to kill herself upon being arrested. Her story may have given rise to those "How do you make a dead baby float?" jokes (one bottle of Coke, two scoops of dead baby).

**QUOTED:** "You'll know all mine by the tape around their necks."



**Nannie Doss (above): romance and rat poison.**

**Amelia Elizabeth Dyer (below): mean-tempered baby-choker.**



★ 27 ★  
**MARK ESSEX**



Remembered by friends of his family as a quiet, sensitive Baptist, this black Kansan first experienced full-on racism when he entered the US Navy in 1969. It left, shall we say, a bitter taste in his mouth. At his court-

martial for going AWOL, he told officers he "was tired of going to white people and telling them my problems and not getting anything done about it." After his discharge, he rented a hovel in a depressed New Orleans neighborhood and continued to brood about the white man.



On a Sunday morning in January, 1973, he stormed into the Howard Johnson's Motel armed with a rifle. A black maid screamed when she saw him. "Don't worry," he told her. "We're not killing blacks today, just whites. The revolution's here." Essex (and possible accomplices) proceeded to torch mattresses and drapes with revolutionary zeal. The fire eventually spread to six floors. Throughout the day, he killed two hotel workers, three cops, and a pair of newlyweds as they clutched each other in their arms. As promised, all of the victims were white. Essex wounded twenty-six others. Hundreds of police surrounded the building and traded bullets with him. His siege lasted for hours and by the end, the battle was being televised live on national TV.

As night fell and a cold rain started, Essex ensconced himself in a rooftop bunker. A Marine helicopter was sent in, and its gunfire supposedly tore him to shreds at 9:25 p.m. However, police say they continued to hear shouts of "Power to the people!" and "Come and get me, you motherfucking pigs!" emanating from the roof. One cop insisted that he saw a black female sniper. Two dozen police raided the roof the next afternoon. They wound up shooting at each other, because Essex was dead, with over a hundred slugs in his body. If there were other gunmen, they made a

miraculous getaway though a virtual wall of piggies. It's still a mystery as to why Essex chose Howard Johnson's—are those all-you-can-eat curly fried clams *that* bad?

**QUOTED** (from graffiti on the walls of his run-down house): "Political power comes from the power of a gun.... The quest for freedom is death. Then by death shall I escape to freedom.... My destiny lies in the bloody death of racist pigs."



## ★ 28 ★ CHRISTINE FALLING



A fat, doltish, epileptic baby sitter from a poor-white-trash section of southern Florida, Christine strangled or suffocated five youngsters placed under her care. She is also suspected in the death of an

elderly man who died the day she started working as his maid.

When Christine was born, her mom was sixteen, her dad sixty-five. She was orphaned at three and adopted by abusive parents. At nine, she was placed in a foster home. She dropped out of junior high and was married for six weeks in her early teens. She was known as a cat-torturing hypochondriac who needlessly visited a hospital more than fifty times over a two-year period. Before becoming a baby-killer, she was arrested for passing bad checks.

Her first victim was two-year-old Cassidy "Muffin" Johnson in 1980. A second tot, Jeffrey M. Davis, was killed soon thereafter. Inexplicably, Falling was permitted to baby-sit Jeffrey's cousin as his family attended the funeral. The cousin also croaked. Since Christine acted helplessly bewildered after each death, no one suspected her. Two more toddlers died, one of whom was thought to be the victim of Sudden Infant Death Syndrome. Falling initially denied any involvement in the deaths. Her sister claimed that Christine admitted to all five killings, and the minimum-wage baby-snuffer finally 'fessed up to "smothering" three of the kids.

**QUOTED:** "I love young'uns. I don't know why I done what I done.... The way I done it, I saw it done on TV shows. I had my own way, though. Simple and easy. No one would hear them scream."

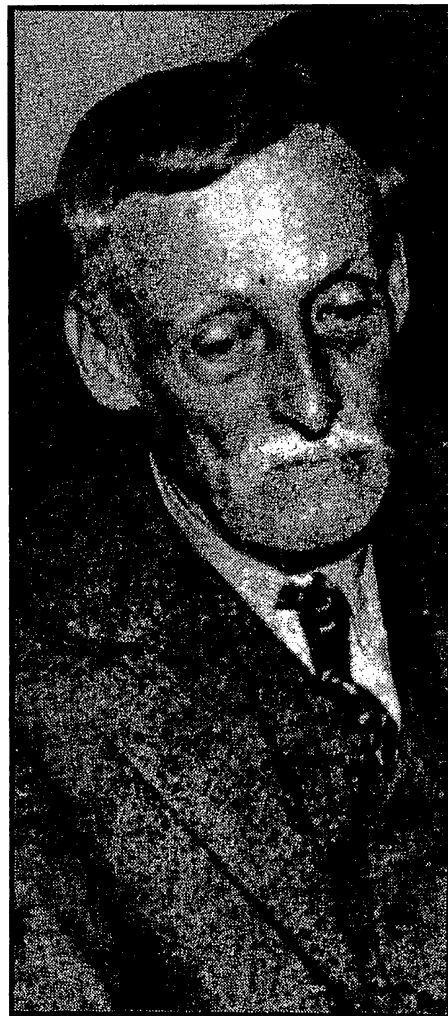


## ★ 29 ★ ALBERT FISH "The Moon Maniac"



Albert Fish loved children. He loved them boiled with carrots and onions, but he loved them just the same. He also loved eating shit, ramming flaming, alcohol-soaked cotton swabs up his ass, and permanently em-

bedding needles in his scrotum—you might say that he loved life.



A house painter and father of six, he apparently went bonkers after his wife abandoned him for another man. Given custody of his children, he demanded that they eat raw meat with him during full moons. Handing them a paddle studded with five-inch nails, he begged his kiddies to spank him until blood flowed down his sagging buttocks. Fish once took the kids on a vacation where they watched him stand on a hilltop screaming, "I am Christ! I am Christ!" He said he received visions of hell, angels, and J.C. himself. Mr. Fish said that God commanded him to castrate boys.

In 1928, posing as a "Mr. Howard," he befriended the Budd family and persuaded them to let him escort their daughter Grace to a birthday party. He brought the girl to a vacant cottage in Westchester County, New York, and strangled her. He chopped off her head and sawed the remainder in two. For the next nine days he ate her flesh, preparing it with vegetables. This apparently turned him on to no end. Hopelessly masochistic, he confessed six years later in a letter written to Grace's mother.

He was promptly arrested in New York City and later claimed to have molested more than four hundred children over a twenty-year period. As he did with Grace Budd, he took them to empty buildings, where he murdered, dismembered, and ate them. He carved them up

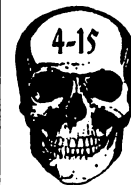
with his "implements of hell"—a saw, cleavers, and knives which he toted around in a small satchel. He would sometimes gag victims before taking their lives, but he preferred to hear their dying screams. It has been suggested that the murdered children were sacrificial lambs whose deaths purged Fish of his guilt pangs.

Fish said his mind originally became unhinged when he was a child in foster homes, where he suffered brutal beatings and witnessed unspeakable atrocities performed on others. He remained a warped old codger after his arrest, exposing himself during a prison church ceremony and using a sharpened bone from one of his last meals to lacerate his stomach in the shape of the cross. He smiled as he approached the electric chair, helping the executioner apply the electrodes. The first jolt failed, apparently short-circuited by the needles—more than twenty of them—which Fish had planted in and around his balls. His last statement, littered with obscenities, was never released.

**QUOTED:** "I am not insane. I am just queer. I don't understand myself.... What a thrill that will be if I have to die in the electric chair. It will be the supreme thrill, the only one I haven't tried."



## ★ 30 ★ JOSEPH P. FRANKLIN

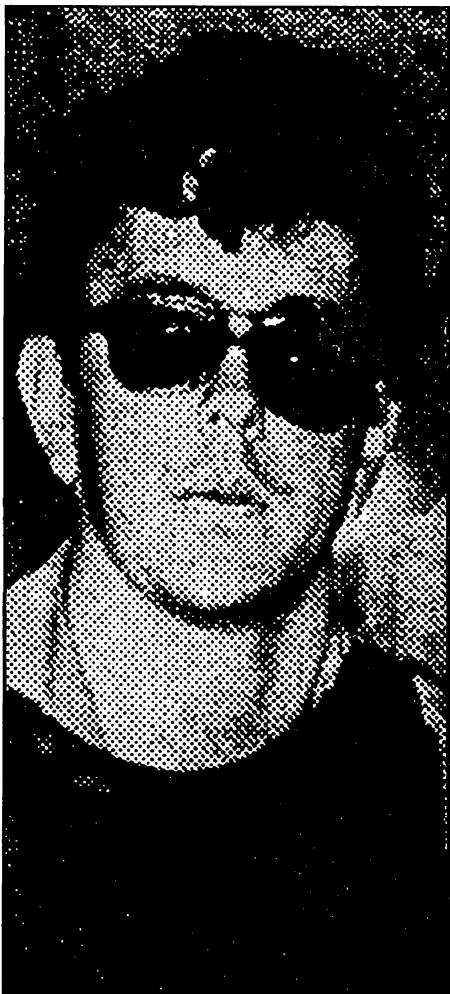


This former Klansman hated Jungle Fever in all its manifestations. He wore a Nazi armband in high school, picketed Golda Meir's 1970 visit to the White House, and was arrested in '76 for spraying Mace at an interracial couple in a Washington, D.C., suburb. He was found guilty in the sniper murders of two black men who were jogging with white women in a Salt Lake City park (Franklin called it "justifiable homicide") and the fatal shooting of a vanilla-'n'-chocolate couple in Madison, Wisconsin.

Those convictions are enough to keep Franklin behind bars for life, but he is thought to have committed up to fifteen killings in seven states from '77 to '80. He is the prime suspect in the sniper killings of: a gentle who was leaving a St. Louis bar mitzvah; a black-and-white couple outside an Oklahoma City supermarket; a black manager of an Atlanta Taco Bell; two black Indianapolis males shot to death in separate incidents; two blacks who were walking on Cincinnati railroad tracks; and an interracial couple murdered on a Johnstown, Pennsylvania, bridge.

Franklin is also thought to have killed a Wisconsin woman whom he picked up hitchhiking and had casually mentioned that she once dated a Jamaican. He was acquitted on a technicality in the 1980 ambush shooting of National Urban League President Vernon Jordan. He is widely believed to be the man who

shot and crippled publisher Larry Flynt—*Hustler*, after all, is one of the few porn mags which shows black-and-white couples getting it on. Franklin was also convicted of bombing what he called a "synagogue of Satan" in Chattanooga and was suspected in several bank robberies in the South. Whatta resumé!



While serving a life sentence at the hard-nosed federal prison in Marion, Illinois, he was attacked and stabbed fifteen times by six black inmates. He survived and apparently hasn't strayed from his belief that blacks are "dumb apes."

**QUOTED:** "Race-mixing is a sin against God and nature.... I feel it is my duty as a servant of God to protect white womanhood from any injury or degradation."



★ 31 ★  
**JOHN LINLEY FRAZIER**  
"The Tarot Murderer"



This bearded leprechaun embodies the logical extension of environmental fanaticism—DEATH! After one too many mescaline trips, the Santa Cruz-area car mechanic quit his job, telling his boss he couldn't

"contribute to the death cycle of the planet anymore." Leaving his wife, he took residence in a ramshackle cabin.

His new pad was located in an area known for countercultural dabbling. It sat a half-mile from the house of Dr. Victor Ohta, an eye doctor who was hassled by wandering hippies and had started building a wall to keep them out. Frazier had previously stolen binoculars from Ohta's house and told a friend that the Ohtas were "materialistic" and "should be snuffed." On October 19, 1970, he entered their home and encountered Mrs. Ohta. He stole her gun, bound her with one of her husband's neckties, and shot her. Mr. Ohta's secretary arrived with one of the Ohta children. Frazier bound and shot them. Mr. Ohta then came home with his other child. Both suffered their predecessors' fates. Frazier then pecked out a letter on the Ohtas' typewriter and torched the place. He signed the note with names of Tarot figures and left it under their Rolls Royce's windshield wiper. Frazier stole the family station wagon and set it ablaze in a nearby train tunnel. Authorities found his five victims' bodies floating in the swimming pool while the Ohta house burned.



Apparently, even the hippies didn't like Frazier, and they tipped off the fuzz. For his trial, the errant tree savior shaved one side of his head, one eyebrow, and half of his beard. He was given a death sentence, which may be justified merely on the basis of that hairdo.

**QUOTED** (from the note he left on the Rolls Royce): "Halloween 1970. Today World War III begins, as brought to you by the People of the Free Universe. From this day forward, anyone and/or company of persons who misuses the natural environment or destroys same will suffer the penalty of death by the People of the Free Universe. I and my comrades from this day forth will fight until death or freedom against anything or anyone who does not support natural life on this planet. Materialism must die or mankind will."



★ 32 ★  
**JOHN WAYNE GACY**  
"The Killer Clown"



At press time, this jowly Chicago-area building contractor holds the official (i.e., proven) All-Time USA Serial-Killing Body-Count Championship. Administered daily enemas while a baby, this son of a rampaging alcoholic was nailed in the noggin with a playground swing and experienced subsequent blackouts. He served as a chaplain for the Iowa Jaycees and managed a Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise before setting up a construction business outside Chicago.

While drunkenly cruising the Windy City's gay districts for male meat, he sometimes placed a red light atop his Oldsmobile, ensnaring victims by impersonating a copper. On other occasions, he'd draw them to his home with offers of money or a job. He'd bring them to a torture room and demonstrate his "handcuff trick." When his prey was cuffed, Gacy knocked him out with a chloroform-soaked rag and butt-fucked him. After the doomed youth regained consciousness, Gacy did his "rope trick," using a stick to twist the noose around his victim's neck while reciting Bible verses, particularly the Twenty-third Psalm ("The Lord is my shepherd..."). As he killed them, he counseled his prey to courageously face death.

When police investigated a lead about a missing fifteen-year-old male, they found nearly thirty bodies buried in and around Gacy's residence, many of them stuffed in a crawl space beneath his house. More bodies were found in a nearby river. Gacy initially denied involvement, then blamed the murders on an alter ego named "Jack" during his trial. He was sentenced to death by lethal injection.

If anyone led a double life, it was Gacy. He was active in various civic organizations and was once voted the Junior Chamber of Commerce's "Man of the Year." In 1978, he was photographed with First Lady Rosalynn Carter, who also had the misfortune of posing for a picture with the Reverend Jim Jones. In his spare time, Gacy performed as "Pogo the Clown" at kids' parties and at a local children's hospital. In jail, he makes colorful oil paintings of clowns and cartoon characters. He is known for eagerly answering mail, most of it from female groupies.

**QUOTED** (after his arrest): "The only thing they can get me for is running a funeral parlor without a license."



★ 33 ★  
**GERALD GALLEGO**  
"The Sex-Slave Murderer"



Murder was in Gerald Gallego's blood: His dad was a two-time cop killer who in 1955 became the first person to be executed in Mississippi's gas chamber. At age thirteen, Gerald was committed to the California



**Gacy as "Pogo": a brain-battered, balloon-bobbing, Bible-belching, buttfucking boy-obliterator.**

Youth Authority for having sex with a six-year-old. Before his first murder, Gallego had prior arrests for auto theft, burglary, loitering, assault with a deadly weapon, vandalism, and incest with his teenaged daughter. A former trucker and bartender, he had been married four or five times before settling for Charlene Williams, a woman of considerably higher social stature. He committed bigamy by marrying her. Allegedly impotent, he convinced Charlene that his limp linguini could only be cured through a variety of partners, especially young virgins.

It's funny what some people will do for love. Under the pretense of a request to help distribute flyers, Charlene enticed Gerald's "sex

slaves" back to his van. Once inside, the victim was bound at gunpoint. Charlene drove or sat in the front seat while victims were raped, sodomized, and forced to suck Gallego's lollipop. Gerald would then take them outside and kill them. They were usually shot, but he killed two Nevada girls with a hammer and was said to have buried an Oregon hitchhiker alive. Under investigators' scrutiny, Charlene, whom Gerald called his "Ding-a-Ling" during tender moments, spilled the beans. Like father, like son: In 1983, Gallego was sentenced to die in California's gas chamber.



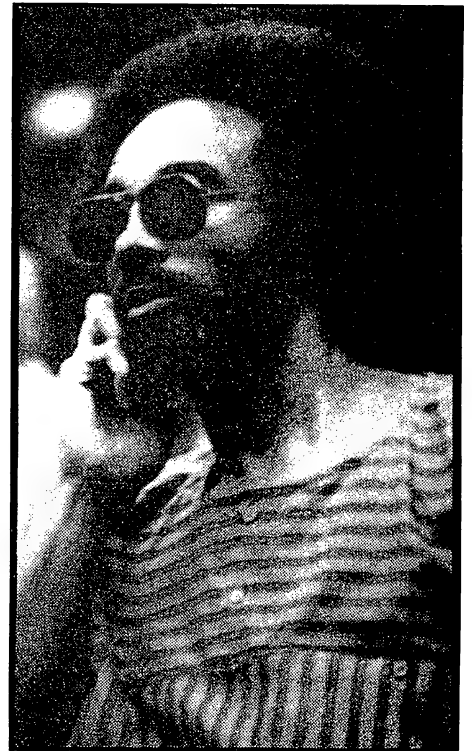
★ 34 ★

## CARLTON GARY "The Stocking Strangler"



A brainy, Afro-sprouting black male model from Columbus, Georgia's slums, Gary killed the type of priggish white society women for whom his mother had toiled as a maid. An obsessive showerer, he staked out houses in a wealthy Columbus neighborhood, preying only on widows and spinsters. He first struck in October, 1977, breaking into a sixty-year-old woman's house and strangling her with her own stocking. Eight days later and only four blocks away, he felled another white matron. Police arrested a suspect and squeezed a confession out of him. Meanwhile, Gary strangled an eighty-nine-year-old white woman.

Responding to local hysteria, one woman had a bolted lock installed on her front door. Unfortunately, it had been installed upside down, and Gary entered her house and strangled her. He choked one victim with her scarf and another with a window cord. Ruth Schwob, who survived one of Gary's attacks, recalled being mildly aroused as she lost consciousness during her rape-strangulation. Gary's spree spawned "copycat" slayers and a revenge killer of black women. The KKK promised to place sentries on the street to guard Caucasian vaginal sanctity.



The murders ceased in mid-1978. Gary, who had been dating a female police deputy during his reign, was arrested in South Carolina in 1979 on a robbery charge. After escaping prison in 1984, he was re-arrested and finally charged with the Stocking Stranglings. Investigators pointed to "Negroid" pubic hairs which they said linked him to the crimes. Apparently suffering from extreme dissociation, Gary

recalled being at the murder scenes but of having watched someone else, whom he called "John," do the killings. He had no recollection of meeting his victims, but he remembered seeing them tortured and strangled. The drug-dealing part-time drummer with webbed fingers and an elongated middle toe was sentenced to death.



### ★ 35 ★ ROBIN GECHT



To the straight world, Robin Gecht was an ineffectual, unemployed Chicago carpenter. In the malleable minds of his three young followers, he was a Satanic high priest with power over life and death. He prowled

the city late at night in his van, searching for prostitutes or willing females. Gecht's crew attacked blacks, whites, Hispanics, and Orientals—a virtual Rainbow Coalition of death—cannibalizing many of them. In every instance, they removed the woman's breasts, which were sacrificed over an altar in Gecht's attic apartment. Mammary morsels were once eaten as a sacrament. Gecht frequently read Bible passages during the ceremonies. His cult was also thought to have been involved in the drive-by shooting of a male.



When Gecht was arrested for stabbing a teenaged hooker in 1982, police became suspicious after learning he was a former employee of John Wayne Gacy's. In Gecht's former apartment, cops found bone fragments and crosses burned on the walls. The other three cult members were taken into custody, and each began ratting on the others. Is there no honor among Satanists?

**QUOTED** (to one of his followers): "Bring a breast back to the house."



### ★ 36 ★ ED GEIN "The Original Psycho"



One of the weirdest mother-fuckers ever to walk the planet, compounded by the fact that he lived in a tiny, flannel-and-earflaps Wisconsin farming town. Raised by a castrating mom, Ed and his brother grew up with the notion that marriage was wrong. After mom and bro died within a year of each other, Gein (rhymes with "keen") went completely out of his gourd. He reportedly jerked off over mom's dead body.

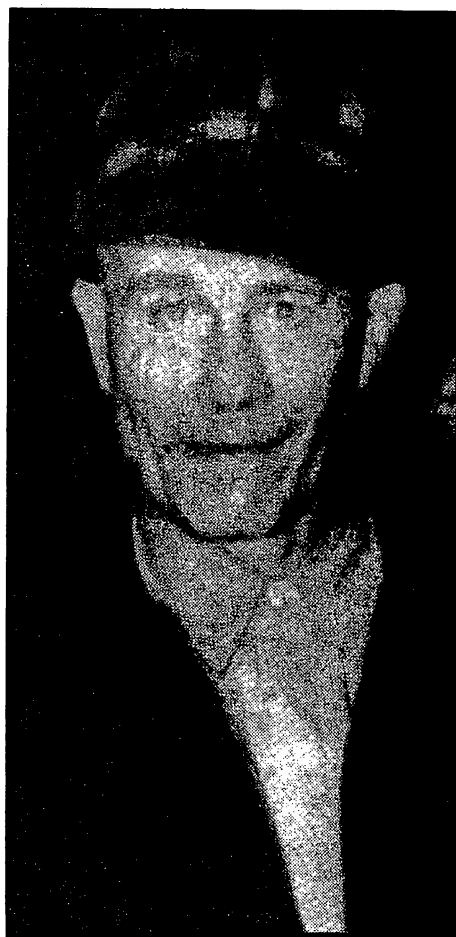
The federal government paid him a subsidy not to farm, so Ed searched for a hobby. If he had chosen coins, stamps, or model airplanes, he never would have achieved celebrity. Beset with a morbid interest in anatomy, he employed his friend Gus to help him dig graves. Their first unearthed body had been lying only a few yards from Mama Gein's burial site. Ed scoured the local newspaper for death notices: Being a gourmet, he liked his corpses *fresh*.

Gein became a killer when Gus was sent away to the funny farm. He shot Mary Hogan in 1954, hauling her body home on a sled. In 1957 he killed Bernice Worden, a hardware-store worker in the village of Plainfield. Worden's son remembered that Gein had been in the store the previous day and had mentioned he'd be back for radiator coolant. Gein purchased antifreeze before slaughtering Mrs. Worden, and receipts led police to his house.

Ed's abode was a typically messy bachelor's pad. What police discovered there makes Jeffrey Dahmer seem like a vegetarian: a woman's heart in a pan on the stove; human entrails in the refrigerator; a shoe box with nine vulvas in it; another box containing four noses; a pair of stockings made from human skin; a soup bowl carved from half a skull; a vest made from a female's torso; skulls placed on a bedpost; nine masks peeled from women's faces, some hanging as trophies on the wall; parts of a scalp placed in a Quaker Oats box; a drum fashioned by pulling human skin over a can; four chairs with human-skin seats; bracelets and a purse handle made of skin; and the heads of ten women. Some of the skin souvenirs had been lovingly treated with oil as if they were baseball gloves. Ed placed lipstick on a few of the masks and tied a red ribbon on one of the vulvas. A headless, disemboweled woman was hanging upside down in Gein's shed. Police estimated that Ed's house contained the remains of at least fifteen women.

Under questioning, Ed revealed that he committed his crimes beneath the full moon,

dancing around dressed in the grisly vestments. He admitted to necrophiliac murder but staunchly denied being a thief, claiming he had stolen Bernice Worden's cash register to "see how it worked" and intended to return it. He was declared insane and died in 1984.



Ed had joshed with Plainfield residents that he owned a "collection of shrunken heads," but no one took him seriously. There are unproven rumors that he often visited neighbors bearing gifts of "fresh liver." His house was set aflame one night and burned to a crisp.

**CHARACTER WITNESS** (a neighbor): "Good old Ed. Kind of a loner and maybe a little bit odd with that sense of humor of his, but just the guy to call in to sit with the kiddies when me and the old lady want to go to the show."



### ★ 37 ★ DELFINA & MARIA de JESUS GONZALES



Whoremasters and traders in white slavery, these sisters owned the Rancho El Angel, a heavily fortified bordello in Guanajuato State, Mexico. Recruiting girls through help-wanted ads for domestics, they operated a prostitution ring for over ten years,



ending with their abduction in 1963. Upon arrival at the Rancho, a girl was "broken in" by being force-fed booze and gang-raped by brothel workers. The next day, she'd be beaten senseless and made to submit to a string of johns (juans?) through the night. Pregnant prostitutes were suspended by their hands from a ceiling and bludgeoned in the stomach to abort the fetus. The Gonzales sisters kept their girls strung out with a steady diet of cocaine and heroin. When a girl's flower of youth was perceived as starting to wither, she was killed. Several migrant workers who had returned from the US with large sums of cash were drugged and murdered. Police found the bodies of eleven males, at least eighty women, and several newborns on the premises. The Gonzaleses tried to persuade officials that all the deaths were from natural causes.



★ 38 ★  
**JULIO GONZALEZ**



After drunkenly fighting with his girlfriend at the Bronx's Happy Land Social Club in 1990, Gonzalez walked to a local Amoco station and filled a plastic bottle with a buck's worth of gas. He returned to the club

with two matches and killed more people in one fell swoop than anyone in US history. He watched as firemen battled flames which blocked the club's exit.

Bodies were found stacked on top of one another in what was undoubtedly a mad rush to escape. Most of the victims had suffocated. Many had died so quickly, they were found with drinks in their hands.

Gonzalez, a bearded Cuban who had come to America as part of 1980's infamous Mariel boatlift, lived beneath a picture of Jesus in a small Bronx apartment. In the weeks before the mass slaying, he lost his job and had broken up with Lydia Feliciano, his girlfriend of eight years. He was seen quarreling with Lydia, a worker at Happy Land, and was ejected by a bouncer. Only six people survived Julio's vengeful onslaught. Unfortunately for him, one of them was Lydia! *Burn, baby, burn/Disco inferno....*

**QUOTED** (when asked why he set the fire): "I don't know."



★ 39 ★  
**HARRISON GRAHAM**



North Philadelphia is a blighted postindustrial war zone, almost lunar in its pockmarked lifelessness. Harrison "Marty" Graham lived in one of its worst areas, a boarded-up neighborhood where two-dollar packets of

heroin are sold on the street. But even by North Philly's standards, Graham's two-room, ninety-dollar-a-month apartment was a bit much. Blood coated the walls, and the floor was awash in a sea of discarded clothes, boxes, mattresses, and used syringes. Fleas swarmed over everything. Graham was evicted because neighbors complained of odors. He barricaded the apartment's entrance with trash and nailed the door shut.

When police pried open the door in the sweltering summer heat of 1987, they found six female bodies, some of them in extreme states of decomposition, swimming amid the debris. One was estimated to have been there for up to a year. Like Graham, all of the women were black junkies. Searching the roof, police discovered leg parts stuffed in a green duffel bag. They later found a torso in a basement a few doors from Graham's building.

After a week-long police search, Graham's mother convinced the unemployed carpenter to confess. Graham related how he escorted women to his flat for drug parties, had sex, and strangled them. What the fuck did he tell each ensuing victim about the bodies lying around his pad?

Graham was almost caught in an earlier incident when a woman spotted body parts on the roof. Worried, she told him to dispose of them. He did. Then he choked her to death.



★ 40 ★  
**JACK GILBERT GRAHAM**



After losing her husband, Graham's mother orphaned little Jack when he was but a seedling. BIG mistake. She remarried when Jack was eight and reclaimed him, trying to assuage her guilt by spoiling him

with a flood of material bounty. She stood by her son as he dived into petty crime. She once paid back stolen money to keep him from being jailed. When she visited him in Denver late in 1955, Jack gave her what he called a "Christmas



package"—fourteen pounds of dynamite equipped with a timer—for her plane flight. Shortly after liftoff, the plane exploded over a Colorado beet farm, killing all its passengers. Graham stood to inherit \$150,000 from Mommy Dearest and an additional \$37,500 from an insurance policy he had taken out on her. Unemotional upon his abduction, he was gassed in 1957.

**QUOTED** (about watching his mother's plane take off): "I felt freer than I have ever felt before in my life."



★ 41 ★  
**VAUGHN ORRIN GREENWOOD**  
"The Skid Row Slasher"



Over the winter of 1974-'75, Los Angeles police found the bodies of six downtown derelicts, their throats slit nearly to the neck bone. Most were middle-aged whites and had been slain while drunk or asleep. The killer left

evidence of ritualistic abuse, placing cups of blood on his victims' bodies, leaving cryptic marks near their slash wounds, and pouring salt in an outline around their heads. A psychological composite was made of the murderer, intimating that he was a blond Caucasian homosexual. On the night of January 30, 1975, local television aired a hypothetical profile of the Slasher, describing him as a "sexually impotent coward." His pride apparently wounded, he killed again that night or early the next morning.

Greenwood, a thirty-one-year-old black drifter, was arrested in Hollywood in connection with an axe assault occurring next to Burt Reynolds's house. He was indicted in the seven Skid Row Slashings, two Hollywood knife murders, and two 1964 killings. Greenwood had previously served five years for the non-fatal stabbing of his seventy-year-old male lover in Chicago. If he had been more selective while roaming Hollywood, we might have been spared yet another sequel to *Smokey and the Bandit*.



★ 42 ★  
**BELLE GUNNESS**  
"Lady Bluebeard"



Lady Belle was a blubbery, cross-dressing gold digger who enticed wealthy Chicagoans with classified ads promising eternal love. After her expectant beaux arrived, she'd poison them as they slept, smash their

skulls, hack them to pieces, and bury them. Worst of all, she took their *wallets*! In 1908, when Andrew Helgelien responded to Belle's

ad, Guinness produced her real-life lover and accomplice Ray Lamphere, bragging to Helgelien that Ray was her next husband. Helgelien thought this was strange and tried to escape. His mutilated corpse was found amid the farm's embers, along with the bodies of thirteen others, including three of Belle's children. A headless female body was uncovered in the rubble, along with Belle's dentures.



**Chubby murderess Belle Gunness as depicted in a pulp novel.**

Lamphere was arrested and told a fellow prisoner that the female carcass wasn't Belle's. He claimed it was that of a woman he and Guinness had lured to the farm and poisoned so police would think Belle was dead. Their scheme's only flaw was that the woman weighed a hundred and thirty pounds less than Belle. He said Guinness threw her own false teeth into the inferno and split. It was estimated that she fled with thirty grand in cash siphoned from a string of flower-bearing suckers.

**QUOTED** (in a letter to Helgelien): "My heart beats in wild rapture for you. Come prepared to stay forever."



★ 43 ★  
**FRITZ HAARMANN**  
"The Butcher of Hannover"



Cruising Hannover's train station for the human dregs which sifted through there in post-WWI Germany, this fat femme with a high-pitched voice befriended transient youth and offered them shelter. The epileptic pickpocket and police impersonator, aided by

his lover Hans Grans, brought boys to a basement apartment, bugged and killed them, carefully butchered their flesh, and sold it as food on the black market. Consumers were unaware they were eating filet of young male. When police searched Haarmann's apartment in 1924, they uncovered several items traced to missing persons. Dredging a local river, they found the bones of twenty-three bodies. Haarmann, who enjoyed the attention his trial brought him, was indicted in twenty-seven murders but said he thought the tally was closer to forty. Hans Grans received only a twelve-year sentence, but German authorities lopped off Haarmann's head.



★ 44 ★  
**JOHN GEORGE HAIGH**  
"The Acid-Bath Killer"



Incarcerated for fraud, Haigh learned in jail that mice disintegrated when dropped into sulfuric acid. Once freed, he purchased a forty-gallon drum, rubber gloves, some acid, and set about dissolving humans. The smooth Brit talked Olive Durand-Deacon into investing in a fictitious cosmetics factory, which in reality was a storage room. Haigh shot and stripped her, drained a glass of blood from her corpse, placed the body in a drum, and gave her an acid bath. As she disintegrated, he claimed to have relaxed by sipping her blood like so much tomato juice. He also said he chugged down a pint or two of his own urine on occasion. Motivated by cash, Haigh clubbed a well-to-do employer with a blackjack, dipped him into the drum, and assumed his worldly assets. When the man's parents expressed concern, he "interviewed" them separately, murdered them, gave them the acid treatment, and absorbed *their* wealth. After each body had liquefied, he poured the human gumbo into a drain. Police ID'd Durand-Deacon's remains with an undissolved acrylic denture. On trial in 1949, Haigh pled insanity, saying that he loved drinking blood and dreamed about forests of blood-dripping trees. It didn't work, and the state liquidated him.

**QUOTED** (to police): "Mrs. Durand-Deacon no longer exists. I've destroyed her with acid. You can't prove murder without a body."



★ 45 ★  
**ROBERT HANSEN**



Armed with a rifle, Hansen hunted big game in the Alaskan hinterland. To the severe disadvantage of seventeen hookers and topless dancers, his idea of big game wasn't elk or wild caribou. From 1973-'83, the

Anchorage bakery owner flew women to his mountain chalet via a small plane. They were spared if they provided him with free sex. The minute that money was mentioned, their murder was sealed. After binding and sexually abusing his victims for days, he'd strip them and set them free in the woods. Allowing his victims a head start, he gave chase with a rifle and sent them plopping into the subarctic snow. He kept a map of Alaska on which he'd marked twenty-one remote locations, thought to be the sites of his victims' demise. Hansen was given life plus four hundred and sixty-one years. He shall bake chocolate cupcakes no more.

**QUOTED:** "[I have a] severe inferiority complex with girls."



★ 46 ★  
**DONALD HARVEY**  
"The Kiss of Death"



A Cincinnati hospital orderly with a passing resemblance to fitness guru Richard Simmons, Harvey joshed with co-workers that he was killing patients. At first, they thought he was only joking. When they realized that a disproportionate number of people were dying on wards where he worked, they phoned a local TV station. A grand-jury probe was ordered in 1987, and Harvey admitted to a reporter that he had killed at least thirty-four patients, most of them old and withering. He suffocated some with a pillow, plastic bags, or by cutting off their oxygen supply. He dosed others with arsenic, rat poison, cyanide, colostomy cleaner, and adhesive remover. Harvey claimed to have felt sated after each killing and spent much of his spare time in the morgue.

Those who knew Harvey described him as charming, if somewhat introverted. The son of a Kentucky family of tobacco-farming Baptists, he lived in a trailer where he collected books on Satanism and kept a list of his victims behind a picture frame. He offered a female neighbor with an arsenic-laced pie, killed a roommate with arsenic pudding, and claimed another non-hospital victim with a death dessert.

Despite the fact that Harvey said he killed enough humans to fill a bus, police had no solid evidence on him. Harvey plea-bargained to avoid the death penalty, laughing to himself during court proceedings.

**QUOTED:** "I felt that what I was doing was right. I was putting people out of their misery....I'm doing them a favor."

**CHARACTER WITNESS** (Harvey's elementary-school teacher): "[Donald was a] precious little boy, a very attractive child who got along with everybody, boys and girls."

**CHARACTER WITNESS** (Harvey's mother): "My son has always been a good boy. He's still a good boy."





★ 47 ★  
LEO HELD



A Boy Scout leader, volunteer fireman, and devout Christian, Leo Held epitomized American blandness. He quietly and methodically tested paper quality at a central Pennsylvania mill.

One morning in the fall of 1967, as the leaves changed color and the smell of apples wafted through the cool air, he awoke and ate breakfast. Held saw the kids to school, took his wife to her job, and showed up punctually at work. He walked into the plant with a .38 in one hand and a .45 in the other, knocking out the lights with a bullet to a transformer. He blew away five people, then walked outside and chatted with co-workers as they filed in. He then drove to a local airport and wounded a switchboard operator. Thinking it was a prank, a worker hustled him outside and set him free. Leo drove to his kids' school and circled it a few times, then went home and broke into a house across the street. He killed one neighbor and wounded another as they slept. Stealing their rifle and ammunition, he returned home. A mob had formed outside his house, ready to attack. Police shot him, and Held died in the hospital the next day.

Most of his victims at work were supervisors. The wounded switchboard operator was part of Held's car pool and had scolded him for his erratic driving. The Quiggles, his victims across the street, had frequently irked Held by burning leaves. He was also known to have argued with a seventy-year-old woman about a fallen tree limb. In a previous incident, Held had beaten her over the head with the oversized twig and was taken to court. The woman was not among his murder victims. As Held lay dying in the hospital, he ruefully whispered, "I had one more to go."

**QUOTED** (as he faced the angry crowd at his door): "Come and get me. I'm not taking any more of their bull."

**CHARACTER WITNESS:** Neighbors called him a "peaceful man, devoted to his family."

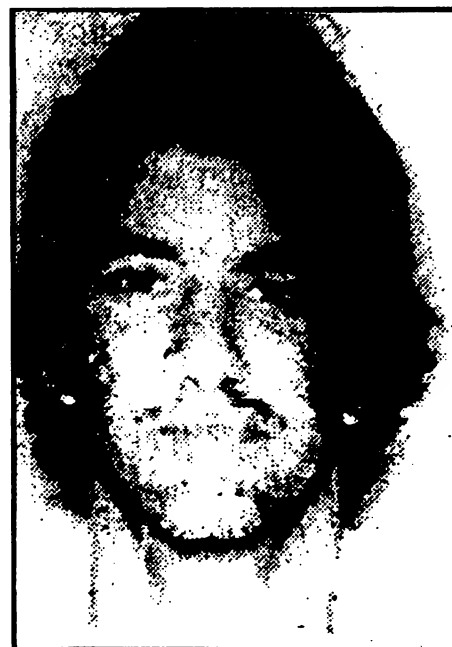


★ 48 ★  
GEORGE JO HENNARD



Hennard worshipped his big blue truck, cleaning it almost daily. Then again, he hated people more than he loved his truck. Wearing a pair of shades, he crashed the vehicle through an eight-foot plate-glass window at Luby's Cafeteria in Killeen, Texas. He stepped out of its gleaming blue door and screamed, "This is what Bell County has done to me!" to a startled group of feasting Texans. It was Boss's Day, October 16, 1991, and many in the early afternoon crowd were toasting their

employers. Choosing his targets with calculated precision, Hennard sauntered up to people and asked, "Was it worth it?" before splashing their innards on the carpet. Using a 9mm Glock 17 and a Luger, he paused only to reload. One Luby's worker hid in the freezer for more than two hours. A dishwasher crawled into his dishwashing machine and huddled there for almost a day. Surrounded by police only a few minutes into his rampage, Hennard shot and killed himself in Luby's restroom. He left twenty-three dead, the largest shooting spree in American history. It was unclear whether anyone in the cafeteria knew him.



Unemployed, Hennard lived alone in an antebellum mansion in nearby Belton, Texas. He was ejected from the Merchant Marines after kicking a crew member and being caught with reefer. Mysteriously, he had changed his middle name from Pierre to Jo. Paranoid, he was certain his phone was tapped. Neighbors said they often heard him screaming at passersby. He blasted music at all hours and refused to turn down his stereo when neighbors complained. He stalked a pair of girls who lived two blocks away, sending them a five-page letter, driving past their house and waving, and showing up where they worked, silently grinning. Workers at a nearby convenience store recalled that he hated standing in line and once shoved someone at the counter. On the morning of the shooting, though, they said he appeared calmer than usual.

**QUOTED** (in the letter he sent to the two young women): "Please give me the satisfaction of someday laughing in the face of all those mostly white, treacherous female vipers from two towns who tried to destroy me and my family."



★ 49 ★  
CAYETANO &  
SANTOS HERNANDEZ



Leaders of a murderous cult in Yerba Buena, Mexico, these brothers told villagers in 1963 that the gods would shower them with good fortune when the proper sacrifices were rendered. This meant sex with

the Hernandez brothers—Cayetano got the males, Santos the females.

After several spent wads and no increased good fortune for the villagers, the brothers went to Monterrey, Mexico, and found a brother-sister team, Eleazor and Magdalena Solis. Eleazor was a gay male pimp, Magdalena a blonde lesbian hooker. The Hernandez brothers told village farmers that the pair were mountain gods and that sex with them would ensure prosperity.

After more cum shots flying through the clear Mexican night, the villagers once again became suspicious. The Hernandez brothers then said that a human sacrifice was in order. Two infidels were pummeled to death, and the villagers drank their blood from bowls. Six others died in the ensuing weeks. A teenaged girl had been sleeping with Magdalena but craved Santos's *salchicha de amor*. Jealous, Magdalena had the girl tied to a cross, knocked her out, and commanded the faithful to beat her to death. They complied and went a step further, burning the girl at the cross. Another disbelieving farmer was murdered with machetes. A frightened boy notified a policeman, and both disappeared. They were later found mutilated, with the cop's heart missing. The cult had fled to a cave, where Santos was shot to death in a gun battle. Cayetano was murdered by a rival cultist, and the rest of their crew was given heavy jail time. The villagers went back to fucking each other and, presumably, various farm animals.

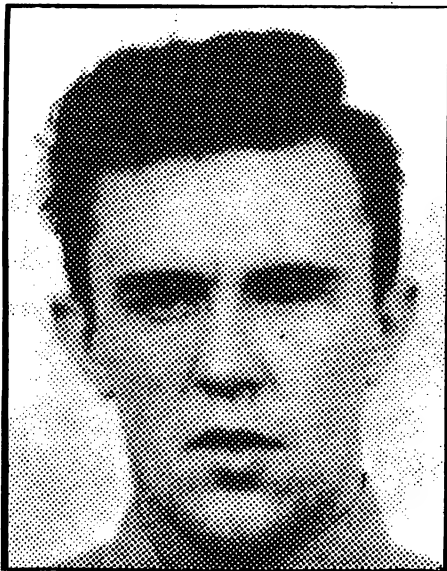


★ 50 ★  
RICHARD HICKOCK &  
PERRY SMITH  
"The In Cold Blood Killers"



Dick Hickock was a self-assured pederast and former auto mechanic who enjoyed slamming his car into stray dogs. Perry Smith was an emotional, aspirin-gobbling half-breed with bad knees and ballerina's feet.

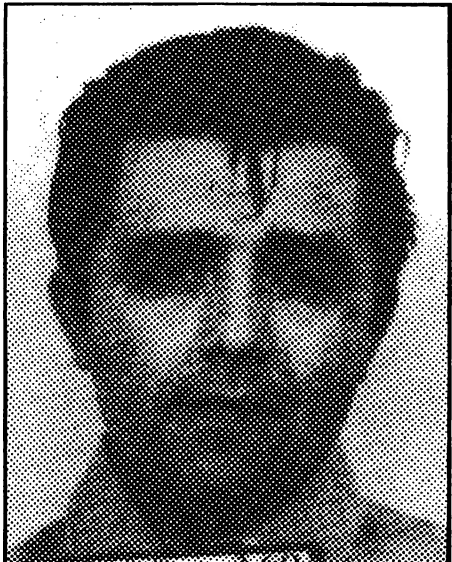
On November 15, 1959, they drove four hundred miles from one side of Kansas to the other, killed all four members of the Clutter family, then drove back, giggling like schoolgirls. They fled to Mexico, then zigzagged back through the States, eventually getting nabbed in Vegas. Police had received a tip from



### Hickock: baby-fucking dog-slammer.

Hickock's former cellmate, who had told Dick that the Clutters kept a small fortune stashed in their farmhouse.

Dick and Perry had arrived at the Clutters' wheat farm near midnight. They bound and gagged the family, but Smith, Jerry Lewis to Hickock's condescending Dean Martin, sought to make the victims comfortable. He placed a Clutter male on a mattress box so he wouldn't have to endure the cold cement floor while a shotgun sent his hair flying all over it. Smith later recalled how he felt that his mind had split from his body during the crimes, passively watching himself commit murder. For their troubles, Hickock and Smith netted forty to fifty bucks, not the ten Gs they had expected. They were hanged in April, 1965. Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* rivetingly relates the case's details.



### Smith: the considerate killer.

**QUOTED** (Perry Smith, on the murder of family patriarch Herb Clutter): "I didn't want to harm the man. I thought he was a very nice gentleman. Soft-spoken. I thought so right up to the moment I cut his throat."



## ★ 51 ★ H.H. HOLMES "The Torture Doctor"



With his waxed mustache and sexy bowler hat, Holmes drew scads of Chicago chicks to his hotel during the 1893 World's Fair. A Gothic, turreted eyesore, the hundred-room "Holmes's Castle" was a labyrinth of secret entrances, trapdoors, and fake walls. Holmes (whose real name was Herman Webster Mudgett) would promise to marry a woman, make her sign over her life's savings, and then treat her to a night of sex. In the morning, he'd chloroform her and throw her down an empty elevator shaft, covering it with a glass lid. He'd wait for her to awake from the chloroform so he could watch her scream and writhe. He then slipped a hose through a hole in the glass lid and filled the shaft with deadly gas. After his prey expired, he'd drop down a noose, lift her up, and send her body careening down a chute leading to the basement. That's where he kept acid vats, surgical tools, various torture devices, and a crematory. Holmes had employed an auto mechanic to peel flesh from the bodies, convincing the poor grease monkey that they had been donated by the city mortuary.



People began to notice that an abnormal percentage of Holmes's tenants were vanishing. An insurance scam related to the death of Holmes's business partner drew Chicago police to the Castle, but H.H. was long gone. They found the former drugstore owner and University of Michigan medical student in Philly, where he was hanged in 1896. After the Castle burned, police said they found the remains of more than two hundred bodies. Did they ever stop to consider that maybe these people hadn't paid their *rent* on time?

**QUOTED** (when a University of Michigan guard found Holmes dragging a body across the campus and asked what he was doing): "Taking my girl for a walk, you idiot."



## ★ 52 ★ JAMES OLIVER HUBERTY



**FUCK THE QUARTER POUNDER WITH CHEESE, RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!!!** On Wednesday afternoon, July 18, 1984, this tall, scowling, string bean of a man drove his black Mercury Marquis (with a bumper sticker which read, "I'm not deaf; I'm just ignoring you") into a McDonald's parking lot in San Ysidro, California. Wearing a black T-shirt and camouflage pants, he entered the burger palace and shouted, "I killed thousands in Vietnam, and I want to kill more!" He placed a radio on the counter so he could hear reports of the impending massacre. Strapped with an Uzi, a shotgun, and a 9mm automatic, he started spraying unwitting junk-food aficionados. Huberty's gunfire blasted through McDonald's windows and into parked cars. A stray bullet even hit a motorist on Interstate 5. He emptied nearly one hundred and forty rounds, leaving the home of Ronald, the Hamburglar, and Mayor McCheese a virtual smoking crater. After an hour and fifteen minutes, a police marksman sent a bullet whizzing through Huberty's chest, killing the crabby gunman. Huberty's rampage accounted for a full twenty percent of the San Diego area's homicides for that year.



But we should feel *sorry* for him. Huberty's mother, a Quaker missionary, had apparently shown more interest in Jesus than in little Jimmy. The boy grew up feeling abandoned. He trained as a funeral director and embalmer before settling into the fast-paced, glamorous life of a security guard. He had been fired from his job a

week prior to his shooting spree.

Huberty lived with his family in an apartment one-half block from the Golden Arches. Neighbors claimed they often heard guns going off in his apartment and described him as the type of guy who never responded when you said, "Hi." He slept with a gun under his pillow and told people his only friend was his dog Shep. He beat his kids and argued constantly with his wife Etna, who herself was once arrested for pointing a gun at neighbors. One of Huberty's daughters told friends that after the family came home from a morning jaunt to the San Diego Zoo, Ma and Pa had a nasty fight. Daddy disappeared, and the rest is fast-food history.

**QUOTED** (to his wife as he left for McDonald's): "[I'm] going hunting humans."



★ 53 ★  
**JACK THE STRIPPER**  
"The Thames Nude Murderer"



More obscure and intriguing than the similarly named nineteenth-century hooker-slayer, the Stripper murdered a string of prostitutes near the Thames River in the mid-sixties. Not so interesting, you say? What if I

told you that he used his DICK to kill them? Perked up, didn't you? His victims, described as mostly plain and petite, were found with missing front teeth and sperm in their throats. A coroner's examination concluded that they had gagged on the killer's glans penis in the midst of performing fellatio. They died not as the result of blows, but of blow *jobs*. One victim was found with her bloomers stuffed in her mouth. Police found flecks of dried spray paint on a few of the girls' corpses and traced the samples to a shop in London's Notting Hill section. Evidence suggested that the killer took some cadavers to the shop, where he removed their teeth (simulating a vagina) and had his way for weeks with their dead mouths.

London detectives conducted a high-profile "war of nerves" with the anonymous killer. After a primary suspect's van was spotted near a murder scene, the man committed suicide and left a note saying he could no longer bear the strain. He had been a guard whose night rounds included the spray-paint shop. Police never released his name, nor the vital stats about his killer penis.



★ 54 ★  
**CALVIN JACKSON**



Unlike most serial killers, who waste time and gasoline during endless stalking sessions on city streets and abandoned roadsides, Jackson murdered people in his own apartment building. Crawling in the early seventies

with pushers, male hustlers, and old ladies on welfare, Manhattan's Park Plaza Hotel proved an easy place in which to die anonymously. Many of Jackson's victims' bodies weren't found until they were grossly decayed. Several elderly women whom he had suffocated were thought to have died of old age. One cause of death was initially listed as chronic alcoholism. Another murder had been blamed on a lesbian dispute. In an extreme case of bureaucratic bungling, Jackson was even identified by a stabbing victim, but nothing was done about it.

C.J. was a short, squat former junkie and convicted burglar. He had worked for a time as a porter at the hotel. He claimed to have heard voices commanding him to kill old people. All of his victims were middle-aged or doddering females who lived alone, and he raped them all, sometimes post-mortem. After each killing, he went to the victim's fridge and fixed himself a snack, staring at the body for up to an hour. After making sure a victim was dead, he often looted the place.

Jackson was arrested while walking down a fire escape with a stolen TV. His last victim was the only one who wasn't a Park Plaza resident—

she lived two doors down. Calvin's photographic memory aided police in their investigation, but he thought he had killed two women who survived his attacks. He was suspected in five additional killings of old women in Buffalo from 1964-'71.

**CHARACTER WITNESS:** A hotel clerk called him "a quiet guy who never caused any trouble."



★ 55 ★  
**GENENE JONES**



A chubby, bug-eyed Texas nurse who loved babies and resented doctors, Genene Jones once confessed that she cried when she saw *E.T.* She was likewise visibly remorseful during the early eighties when several



**Jim Jones: humongous dick, gargantuan following.**

infants passed away under her care. She'd cradle them in her arms, rocking their dead bodies while singing to them. To assure a Christian death, she baptized some by using a syringe to squirt saline solution over them in the sign of the cross. The mother of two wrote love notes to the dead babies in a medical log.

In her notes, she failed to tell the inert cherubs that she had murdered them. Injecting succinylcholine into their little bodies, she rendered them as lax as boiled pasta. Much like Richard Angelo, Jones got off on the thrill, the rush, the *prestige* of Code Blue emergencies, reviving the dying and proving herself competent. She considered herself smarter than doctors and other nurses. By staging a series of baby deaths, she hoped to create the impression of an infant health crisis. That way, they'd have to accept her idea of building a local children's hospital. Maybe they'd even *name* it after her....

**QUOTED** (when told there weren't enough sick kids to warrant the construction of a pediatric intensive-care unit): "Oh, yes there are. All you have got to do is go out and find them."



## ★ 56 ★ REVEREND JIM JONES



His dad was a Klansman. His mother once dreamed that she would give birth to a messiah. Born into poverty, Jim Jones played pretend-church as a boy and became a preacher at age twelve. Possibly in reaction to

dad's fanaticism, he developed a gospel of socialistic racial integration. After selling pet monkeys for Christ in the 1950s, he founded his first Peoples Temple in Indianapolis, appealing mostly to blacks. In '63, he related a vision of impending nuclear destruction and predicted that Ukiah, California, and Belo Horizonte, Brazil, were the only places which would be left unscathed. In a convoy of vans, Jones and many followers migrated to Ukiah. They relocated to San Francisco in 1970. Viewed as a progressive, Jones received numerous humanitarian awards and became chairman of San Francisco's Housing Authority.

Out of the public eye, Jones was totally *meshuga*. In rituals called "White Nights," he prepared his followers for the act of "revolutionary suicide," a protest against fascism and racism. With the Reverend Jim overseeing, wayward Temple members were publicly paddled. Jones often complained that he was "cursed" with a humongous dick and therefore hounded by female admirers. As possible blackmail, he had sex with male disciples while women photographed. In 1977, an impending article about the cult's abuses drove the Peoples Temple out of the United States and onto some land they had purchased in Guyana. They named their new home "Jonestown."

The San Francisco *Chronicle* reported that

in Guyana, Jones had surrounded himself with armed guards, practiced public torture, and continued to rehearse his followers in White Nights. Jones reportedly was sucking three-quarters of a million dollars yearly from his followers' Social Security checks. By late 1978, California Representative Leo Ryan was concerned about the stories and flew with a group of journalists onto a small airstrip six miles from Jonestown. They were greeted by a hostile mob of Temple members. Jones initially refused to see the visitors but relented after aides persuaded him otherwise. Upon their arrival in Jonestown, Ryan and the reporters found what seemed to be a peaceful, harmonious community. Jones, however, resembled a latter-day Elvis: ominous shades, eyeliner-enhanced sideburns, and a constant sweat caused by a high fever. He treated his guests to an ecstatic revival meeting the first night, and Congressman Ryan took the microphone to tell the crowd he was impressed. Zombielike Temple members applauded for twenty minutes.

The next day, when bugged by reporters about rumors that commune members weren't permitted to leave, Jones apparently flipped. As the investigative team left, trailed by a family of defectors, Jones sent a squad of assassins after them. As Ryan's group boarded their planes, a man posing as a defector brandished a pistol and started shooting. Jones's gunmen arrived moments later in a tractor-trailer and began firing. They killed Ryan and several others, wounded eight, and then left as suddenly as they had arrived.

Back in Jonestown, commune members were ordered to assemble near the pavilion. A tub was produced, filled with strawberry bug juice laced with tranquilizers and cyanide. Jones ordered the babies brought first. Wailing mothers were forced at gunpoint to squirt the deadly soft drink into their infants' mouths. Next came the older children, who drank from cups, as did the adults. All were forced to lie face-down in rows as blood spurted from their mouths in reaction to the poisoning. Jones, who sat transfixed on a dais during most of the proceedings, finally sent a slug into his diseased brain. Authorities found nearly a million dollars in cash and almost a thousand fetid, bloated bodies under the harsh Guyanese sun. Even Mr. Mugs, Jonestown's mascot monkey, had been shot to death.

An estimated seventy-five cult members escaped through the jungle. Two surviving journalists, one of them dictating from a hospital bed, churned out insta-pulp books on their ordeals. An ad in the *New York Times* touted a smuggled audiotape purportedly containing the sounds of mass suicide.

**QUOTED** (in his final days to a newsman at Jonestown): "I wish I wasn't born at times. I understand love and hate. They are very close.... I hate power. I hate money.... All I want is peace. I'm not worried about my image. If we could just stop it, stop this fighting. But if we don't, I don't know what's going to happen to twelve hundred lives here."



## ★ 57 ★ PATRICK W. KEARNEY "The Trash Bag Murderer"



Balding, bespectacled, hard of hearing, and sporting a neatly trimmed beard, Patrick Kearney kept an immaculate Redondo Beach home with his roommate/lover David D. Hill. Neighbors remember the pair as quiet and clean. Kearney was so fastidious that he couldn't



bear to simply drop his victims' dismembered corpses along the highway—he may have been a killer, but he wasn't a *slob*. Instead, he chopped them to pieces and neatly placed them in plastic trash bags, dumping their remains from L.A. to Mexico. From 1968 to 1977, he cruised Hollywood and MacArthur Park for gay male transients. His victims, all of whom were dispatched with a small-caliber gun, ranged in age from five to twenty-eight. Kearney committed some of the murders at his home. Acting on a tip, police searched the house, discovering a bloodstained hacksaw and carpet samples which matched fibers found on a victim. Hill and Kearney had already fled to El Paso, but relatives convinced them to turn themselves in. At a sheriff's information center in Riverside, California, they walked up to a receptionist and pointed to a "WANTED" poster of themselves on the wall. "That's us," Hill said. Hill was later set loose due to insufficient evidence, but Kearney confessed to twenty-eight specific murders and hinted at more than forty. He told an investigator that he liked jail better than military life and reportedly kept a tidy cell.

**QUOTED:** Kearney said murder "excited [me] and gave [me] a feeling of dominance."



★ 58 ★  
**ED KEMPER**  
 "The Co-ed Killer"



Ed's mom Clarnell called her son "a real weirdo." She made him sleep in a storage room over an eight-month period when Ed was eight, forcing him to wrangle with childhood's demons alone. Kemper possessed a near-genius IQ but was sensitive around other kids. His sister once teased him by saying that he wanted to kiss his teacher. "If I kissed her, I'd have to kill her first," came his reply, a prophetic utterance from a future necrophile. Ed played various kiddie games with his sister where sis acted as the executioner and Ed "died" by the electric chair or gas chamber. He cut off the hands and feet of a doll sis had been given for Christmas. He buried the family cat alive before chopping off its head, placing it on a stick and muttering a prayer.

Clarnell, fed up with Eddie's weirdness, shipped him off to live with his grandparents during his early teens. In August, 1964, Ed killed grandma with a .22 rifle, stabbing her repeatedly after death. When grandpa came home, Ed shot him on the porch, then calmly called his mother. He told police, "I just wondered how it would feel to shoot grandma." Kemper was declared insane and was sent to California's Atascadero State Hospital. In 1969, against hospital recommendations, he was released and went back to live with mom in Santa Cruz.



Ed was fully grown by now, a six-foot-nine-inch, two-hundred-eighty-pound behemoth. He found a job as a construction-company flagman and spent his spare time poring over detective magazines, snuff films, and John Wayne movies. He collected weapons, his favorite being a grotesquely large hunting knife which he called "The General." He was again subjected to Clarnell's incessant put-downs and petty humiliations. He fantasized about killing her, frequently tiptoeing into her room with a gun as she slept, yet finding himself unable to pull the trigger.

Around 1972, Ed started prowling Northern California's roads for hitchhikers. His first co-ed victims were a pair of female students from Fresno State University. He forced one of them at gunpoint to climb into his trunk. He placed a plastic bag over the other's head, stabbing her in the back and stomach before slitting her throat. Kemper then knifed the woman who was in the trunk and took both girls home, where they were decapitated and buried nearby. His next victim was a dance student, whom he killed and then raped, squirting his love juices into the corpse almost upon contact. He brought her body home and severed her hands and feet, just as he had done to his sister's doll years before. Co-ed number four was shot and taken to Kemper's house, where she was beheaded. He had sex with the cadaver and later axed it to pieces, tossing the remains into the ocean near Carmel. He killed two more co-eds on February 5, 1973, again placing their bodies in his trunk and chopping off their *cabezas*. The next day, while mom was working, Ed washed blood off one of the girls' bodies and fucked the headless corpse.

Clarnell Kemper was right—her son was a real weirdo. Ed sometimes chilled his victims' heads in the refrigerator and buried one girl's head facing his house so he could fantasize that she was watching him. He ate strips of another's leg as part of a macaroni casserole. Ed also snapped Polaroids of his victims and saved their skin and teeth as mementos. In the midst of his spree, he often went to a local bar frequented by off-duty cops, grilling them for details about the murders. During a meeting with a court-appointed psychiatrist, a woman's head rested outside in Ed's trunk. The shrink declared Ed "safe."

It was suggested that Kemper killed women whose voices reminded him of his mom's. On Easter Sunday, 1973, he went straight for the source, whacking Clarnell in the head with a hammer and slitting her throat with The General. He decapitated her and threw her vocal cords, which had berated him since he was a boy, into the garbage disposal. A paradigm of cool, he went to see a friend who owed him ten dollars. Securing his sawbuck, he returned home and invited Clarnell's best friend to dinner. He strangled the woman when she arrived and spent the night in mom's bed. Ed balanced Clarnell's head on a box and used it as a dartboard for several days.

He drove to Colorado and called police from a pay phone, admitting to the Co-ed Killings. He politely waited for cops to arrest him and enthusiastically confessed. Kemper, who

claimed to be "terrified of violence," begged for the death penalty. He received a life sentence instead and is now eligible for parole. If he ever gets out, I'd love to give him my mother's address.

**QUOTED** (regarding the punishment he doled out to Clarnell): "That seemed appropriate, as much as she'd bitched and screamed and yelled at me for so many years."



★ 59 ★  
**ALVIN LEE KING III**



On a quiet Sunday morning in the summer of 1980, while the faithful at the First Baptist Church in Daingerfield, Texas, sang "More About Jesus," King broke into the house of worship wearing full military gear and screamed, "THIS IS WAR!" Armed with two rifles and two pistols, he turned the church into a shooting gallery, slaying two men who tried to wrest the guns away from him. Within ten seconds he wounded twelve and murdered three others, including a seven-year-old girl. King fled to a nearby fire station and shot himself in the head, failing to kill himself.



Police found King's wife bound to a kitchen chair. Alvin had six months' worth of food stashed in his basement, showed evidence of a Swiss bank account, and had applied (but was refused) for Soviet citizenship.

An atheist, judo student, and Ph.D. in psychology, King was known around town as an eccentric. He had killed his father in 1966 with a shotgun, but the death was ruled accidental. As a high-school math teacher, he let students cut a

deck of cards to determine their letter grades when they fell in between, say, B and C. He declined to sign a statement of belief in God and refused to teach retarded children, quitting his post to become a trucker.

In the months prior to the shooting, King's twenty-one-year-old daughter had complained to police that dad had forced her to have sex with him over a ten-year period. The case was scheduled to go on trial the day after King's spree. He had asked several First Baptist members to testify as character witnesses. All of them refused, which apparently sparked his rampage. Using a towel, King hanged himself in jail.

**QUOTED** (on a note found next to his bound wife): "Jeremiah says the King is the King of Kings."



★ 60 ★  
**PAUL JOHN KNOWLES**  
"The Casanova Killer"



Upon his release from prison in 1974, P.J. had high hopes. He had been corresponding with a woman he met through an astrology-magazine ad and was scheduled to marry her. But a psychic warned the woman that a threatening man loomed on her horizon. When Knowles's fiancée finally met him in San Francisco, she had butterflies and passed on marriage. Knowles claimed that he murdered three people on the night of his rejection.

For the next four months, using stolen cars and credit cards, he traveled cross-country, a veritable Jack Kerouac of serial killers. He rang doorbells picked at random, then busted into the victim's house with a gun. Knowles strangled most of his prey and choked one woman to death with a sock before fleeing with her TV. He strangled another woman with a telephone cord while her three-year-old son watched. Rape was sometimes involved, though Knowles often lost his erection before finishing the job. Using a stolen cassette recorder, he taped a confession of fourteen murders, gave the tape to his lawyer, and disappeared before he could be apprehended.

Calling himself "Daryl Golden," he met British journalist Sandy Fawkes in Atlanta. Fawkes found him charismatic and was attracted to his "gaunt good looks." They spent nearly a week together. Knowles proved unable to maintain a stiffie and resorted to fondling himself while performing cunnilingus on Fawkes. When he finally achieved penetration, he couldn't cum. He drew a (hard, erect) gun on Fawkes at one point, and she split soon thereafter. Knowles later attempted to rape one of Fawkes's journalist friends at gunpoint, but the woman escaped.

Back on the road, Knowles kidnapped a cop and another man, handcuffing the pair before blasting them at point-blank range. Pursued by dogs and helicopters, he ran into Georgia woods, where he was held by a shotgun-toting



local until police arrived. The next day, after breaking free of handcuffs, the marauding impotent killer was shot dead by an FBI agent.

**QUOTED:** After his capture, Knowles described himself as "the only successful member of [my] family."



★ 61 ★  
**RANDY STEVEN KRAFT**  
"The Score Card Killer"



A mild-mannered imp described as a "computer genius," Kraft, along with William Bonin and Patrick Kearney, is part of a long tradition of California homosexual freeway slayers. His contribution to the genre is that he kept a handwritten death list filled with coded references to each victim. From 1971 to 1983, he picked up hitchhikers, got them stoned or drunk, then tortured, hacked, and strangled them to death. He left one victim wrapped around a tree, butane-lighter burns covering his body, his mouth stuffed with dirt, and his genitals missing. All of Kraft's victims were in their late teens or early twenties, and many were Marines. When police stopped him for a traffic violation in May, 1983, they found a strangled leatherneck sitting in the passenger's seat.

Prosecutors accused Kraft of forty-five murders but said the toll may have been as high as sixty-five, since his business travels frequently took him to Oregon and Michigan. He was convicted of sixteen slayings. As the killer was being led away after a courtroom hearing, an observer screamed, "Burn in hell, Kraft!"

**QUOTED:** "I have not murdered anybody, and any reasonable review of the record will show that."



★ 62 ★  
**PETER KURTEN**  
"The Monster of Dusseldorf"



Women meant little to Peter Kurten, but the sight of blood made him cum. With a knife serving as a surrogate schlong, he stabbed his victims until he reached orgasm. He often drank their blood after murdering them, quaffing one woman's plasma until he vomited. The sound of trickling blood was music to his ears. When sentenced to die by the guillotine, Kurten told a psychiatrist that he eagerly anticipated hearing the blood burbling from his neck.

As a child, Kurten lived with twelve other family members in one room. He frequently witnessed his parents' lovemaking. His alcoholic father abused the kids and served time for molesting Kurten's sister. Many of Kurten's siblings eventually turned to alcohol. Peter turned to murder.

He drowned two boys in a boating incident when he was nine. Around the same time, a dogcatcher in his apartment building taught him how to masturbate animals and break off their tails. Kurten became a squirrel-strangler when he was a teen, achieving orgasm in the act. He also sodomized sheep and goats, knifing the beasts during penetration.

Kurten was in prison almost constantly from 1905 to 1921. He attempted to walk the straight and narrow upon his release, but his gargantuan libido and unbridled sadism eventually consumed him. Using hammers, knives, scissors, axes, and sometimes his own hands and teeth, he vampirized countless citizens in Weimar Germany. Despite his obvious brutality, he wasn't a torturer and often rendered victims unconscious before killing them. Amazingly, some females who survived his stranglings were willing to date him again. A woman he had set free after a rape attempt sent police a letter describing what had happened. She botched the address, though, and the damning missive landed in the dead-letter office. The Monster of Dusseldorf was finally arrested after being identified by another rape survivor.

No one close to Kurten, including his wife, suspected the sharp dresser and churchgoer of such unspeakable acts. Showing no remorse, he recounted seventy-nine crimes with brutal clarity. A shrink who examined him said that Kurten experienced a sense of achievement





through mutilation and murder. Kurten's head was removed in 1931, the blood gurgling from his neck in a way that could only make him proud.

**QUOTED:** "I used to stroll at night through the Hofgarten very often, and in the spring of 1930 I noticed a swan sleeping at the edge of the lake. I cut its throat. The blood spurted up, and I drank from the stump and ejaculated."



### ★ 63 ★ LEONARD LAKE & CHARLES NG



A Northern California survivalist certain that World War III was just around the corner, Lake lived on a remote ranch which he remodeled into a torture chamber and snuff-film studio. Aided by Charles Ng, a martial-

arts expert and former Marine, Lake was ready to enact "Operation Miranda" as soon as the H-bombs fell. He planned to build underground bunkers, stocking them with mindless, slaving females. "The perfect woman is totally controlled," he wrote in his diary, "a woman who does exactly what she is told and noth-

ing else."

Operation Miranda unraveled in June, 1985, when Ng flubbed a shoplifting attempt at a Bay Area hardware store. He dropped a stolen vise in Lake's trunk and ran away, leaving Lenny to fend with police. Arrested for possessing a gun with a silencer, Lake swallowed a cyanide pill while in custody. Ng fled to Canada, where he was arrested (didn't he learn?) for shoplifting.

When police searched Lake's foothills ranch, they uncovered what amounted to, as one investigator put it, "a truckload of bones." Many of the victims were apparently dismembered with power saws and cremated. Others had been boiled down to a stewlike consistency before being dumped in bags. Within a concrete bunker, police found a whip, handcuffs, a muzzle, and a cell with a one-way mirror looking in. A "buried treasure" map drawn by Lake was presumably a guide to victims' bodies. His diary was filled with phrases such as, "Death is in my pocket and fantasy my goal."

The most startling discovery was that of a series of snapshots and videotapes depicting Lake and Ng torturing a procession of heavily shackled women. Crude footage featured the disembodied voice of cleanliness freak Lake instructing women to shower before submitting to sex with Ng. Females were commanded to beg for forgiveness for unnamed sins. They were then murdered. Photographs showed Lake, who was said to have attended a weekly Bible class, wearing witchlike robes and performing arcane rituals.



**Charles Ng: snuff-film stud.**

Lake's first victim was thought to be his brother Don. Videotaped evidence led police to believe that he also murdered four people who lived in the property adjoining his. Lake and Ng lured others to their cabin through classified ads. Men were used for cars and credit cards,

and Lake's diary suggested that he hunted some of them for sport. Women fulfilled the pair's domination fantasies.

Curiously, it was Lake's mother who had encouraged him as a boy to take pictures of naked girls. The spawn of alcoholic lineage on both sides of his family, Lake lived at one point under a strict, militaristic grandfather. Fuse these experiences with a tour of duty in Vietnam, and you have the makings of a sexual psycho *par excellence*. The former dope dealer, volunteer fireman, and 4-H Club member died four days after eating the cyanide pill. Charles Ng spent the remainder of the eighties in a Canadian jail and was recently extradited to California, where he awaits trial.

**QUOTED** (from Lake's diary): "If you love something, let it go. If it doesn't come back, hunt it down and kill it."

**CHARACTER WITNESS:** A former cohabitant on a California commune called Lake "The most pleasant unpleasant man I have ever known."



### ★ 64 ★ BRUCE LEE



A deformed epileptic pyromaniac, Lee said his tingling fingers indicated that he would soon commit arson. His given name was George Peter Dinsdale, but he legally changed it as a homage to the feline Kung

Fu star. He set his first fire in 1969 at age nine and claimed his first fatality four years later. He took out eleven men at an old-age home in 1977. After arguing with a man about Lee's having teased some pigeons, he strangled the birds and set the old geezer aflame while the man slept in a chair. British police interrogated an estimated eighteen thousand persons in connection with the fires. A victim's background led them to question some lavatory homosexuals, one of whom was Lee. He confessed with almost no prodding and was sent to an asylum in 1980. It's such a shame—we could have used him during the L.A. riots!

**QUOTED:** "I am devoted to fire. Fire is my master, and that is why I cause these fires."



### ★ 65 ★ MARC LEPINE "The Man who Hated Women"



He loved guns. He was often found hovering around the rifle racks at a sporting-goods store near his Montreal apartment, grinning like a kid in a candy store. Though a fan of war movies, he was rejected from





the Canadian armed forces for "asocial" behavior.

He despised chicks. Clad in hunting clothes, with bullets slung across his chest and a Ruger rifle in one arm, he entered the Ecole Polytechnique near the end of 1989's fall semester, setting off a twenty-minute spree which became Canada's worst mass murder. He shot and killed one female student, then busted into an engineering class as someone gave a lecture on heat transfer and screamed, "I want the women!" He told the males to go into the hall. Students thought it was a prank, but after the men filed out, Lepine pumped a round into the ceiling and hollered, "You're all a bunch of feminists! I hate feminists!" He killed six women in the class and then stalked the hallways, grinning. According to a witness, it wasn't a deranged smile—it was more "like he was having a good time." He murdered three women in a cafeteria and four on another floor. Lepine then turned the rifle on himself, splattering his cerebrum all over the school he had once desired to attend. He left a suicide note which complained about feminism and mysteriously listed fifteen female Quebecois socialites.

Lepine was born Gamil Gharbi. His abusive father left the family when the boy was seven. His mother, whose maiden name was Lepine, testified at divorce proceedings that Marc's dad believed "women are servants to men." Marc legally adopted his mother's surname at age eighteen. Neighbors remembered an introvert who blared music at all hours. One recalled hearing him wildly laughing night after night, presumably alone.

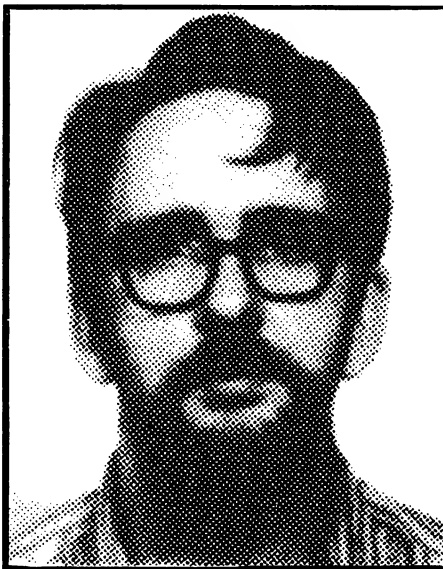
**CHARACTER WITNESS:** A friend's mother described Lepine as a "shy, withdrawn man who was always polite and sweet."



★ 66 ★  
**GARY & THADDEUS LEWINGDON**  
"The .22-Caliber Killers"



For most of 1978, the Lewingdon brothers petrified Columbus, Ohio, residents with a string of nighttime home-invasion slayings. As described by Gary's wife Delaine, Thaddeus Lewingdon had a "ferocious appetite" after he murdered, chowing down with abandon while his brother sulked. Gary was abducted when he tried to use a victim's credit card. Both brothers were handed multiple life sentences. Thaddeus pleaded with the judge to give him enough sodium pentothal to kill himself. The request was denied, and Tad was later sent to a mental institution after a psychotic jailhouse episode.



**Tad Lewingdon: hungry after killing.**

None of this is brain-peelingly interesting, except for one fact. Claudia Yasko, a twenty-six-year-old schizophrenic waitress, had initially



**Gary Lewingdon: cash or charge?**

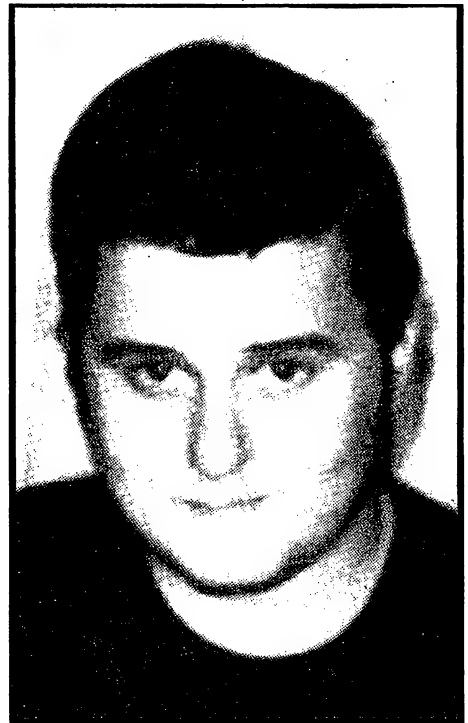
confessed to the murders in convincing detail and was arrested. Her testimony became suspect when the killings continued after her imprisonment. Claudia had overheard her boyfriend and Gary Lewingdon planning one of the murders. After the slaying, her beau somehow convinced her to visit the scene and scour the joint for dope. Claudia got confused and confessed. The brain-addled coffee-pourer might still be incarcerated if Gary Lewingdon had been smart enough not to use that credit card.



★ 67 ★  
**BOBBY JOE LONG**  
"The Classified-Ad Rapist"



Allegedly a distant cousin of Henry Lee Lucas, Bobby suffered from the same gender misidentification as his more famous relative. Like Henry Lee, he experienced repeated head trauma as a child. Like Henry Lee, his earliest memories are violent—after his parents divorced, Bobby's dad raped his mother at knifepoint. Bobby slept with his mom until age thirteen, and like Henry Lee, he claimed that momma forced him to watch her having sex with various partners. *Unlike* Henry Lee Lucas, Bobby Joe Long had tits.



The victim of a fucked-up endocrine system, Long developed six pounds of breast tissue when he reached puberty. An operation eventually excised the unwanted knockers. After incurring brain damage in a motorcycle accident, he was prone to hypersexuality, lusting after every woman he saw and reaching orgasm at least five times daily. He also began spanking

his mother on occasion, and she was said to have offered little resistance. The bike accident also left Long with a volcanic temper, and he wandered around in a constant hangover, ultra-sensitive to the most trifling noise. An insatiable hunger for LSD and weed aided his mental decline.

As Fort Lauderdale's Classified-Ad Rapist, he was thought to have attacked over fifty housewives, most of whom were hawking used goods through local newspapers. He murdered no one during this phase and later boasted that many of his prey seemed to enjoy his brutal advances.

Beset with a pathological hatred of prostitutes, he began to cruise Tampa's red-light district, accosting streetwalkers and nude dancers. He bound, raped, and strangled most of them, burying their bodies on the outskirts of town. Obsessed with domination, he sometimes placed a leash on his victims before disposing of their remains. He'd then fall into a slumber which lasted half a day or more, awaking unsure of whether or not he had killed. He sometimes had to check the newspapers to verify his suspicions.

After torturing a donut clerk for over a day, he set her free when he realized she didn't fit the slutty stereotype of his other victims. Desiring to get caught, he drove around for hours with his last victim's body, even stopping to get gas.

Long was arrested in 1983 and received the death penalty. In prison, he claims to experience monthly mood swings which mimic a menstrual cycle. He says he becomes a real bitch when the moon is full.

**QUOTED:** "I know what I did. I raped and murdered them. But they were the ones who offered the invitation.... What kills me most is that the girls that I raped were all dope addicts and whores. Not that anybody really deserves to get killed, but they weren't saints.... After I'm dead, they're going to open up my head and find that, just like we've been saying, a part of my brain is black and dry and dead. But they're not going to give a fuck."



## ★ 68 ★ GANG LU



Specializing in space-plasma theory, Chinese-born Lu impressed University of Iowa physics professors as a brilliant Ph.D. student with a limitless future. But they weren't impressed enough to give him a twenty-five-hundred-dollar prize for his dissertation, awarding it to another Chinese student instead. On a snowy afternoon late in 1991, Lu fatally shot three dissertation-committee professors, a university staffer, and his award-winning rival before killing himself. His spree lasted ten minutes, during which he uttered not a word, letting a .38 snub-nosed revolver elicit

streams of earth plasma.

Lu was known around campus as a temperamental crybaby who pestered female students with unrequited displays of affection. Ironically, he had previously roomed with his rival, but the man proved unable to bear Lu's tantrums. Lu had named all but one of his victims in five letters—four in English, one in Chinese—which he had given to friends to be mailed to news bureaus. Lu's rampage came less than three weeks after George Jo Hennard's record-breaker. The most unsettling thing about it was that, a week previously, at a minimum of six Northeastern schools, rumors had circulated of an imminent mass murder on a college campus.

**CHARACTER WITNESS:** A professor called Lu "extremely bright and capable."



## ★ 69 ★ HENRY LEE LUCAS & OTTIS TOOLE



As a boy, the only thing little Henry Lee Lucas loved was his pet mule. His mother Viola sensed this. She asked Henry if he loved it. He said yes, so she killed it with a shotgun. Then she mercilessly clubbed Henry for the cost incurred in removing its dead body.

The son of an alcoholic prostitute and a legless Virginia whisky-runner, Henry Lee Lucas was born without much hope during the Great Depression. Viola Lucas barbarized both Henry and his father, until one night the old man could take no more and hauled himself out onto a snowbank. He caught pneumonia and later died in what was probably an act of self-inflicted euthanasia.

Viola's savage attacks on her son continued, often with a wooden two-by-four to Henry's skull. She once beat him into a coma, leaving him with severe damage to his brain's violence center. To make things worse, she forbade him the luxury of crying. If he did, she beat him again with doubled intensity. To quash any possibility of his having a normal social life, she permed his hair and sent the shoeless, unwashed boy to school in girl's clothing for nearly three years.

While Henry ferreted amid garbage cans for his dinner, Viola cooked hot meals for herself and her johns. She forced Henry to watch while she serviced tricks. Upon finishing, many customers beat Viola and her son. Once, after a trick pulled out, Viola blasted the man in the leg with a shotgun, the blood showering over Henry. One of Viola's lovers lingered long enough to teach Henry the joys of bestiality.

It's little wonder that Henry started drinking at ten years old. He formed a homosexual relationship with his brother, who "accidentally" gouged out Henry's left eye with a knife. Viola let the eye shrivel until it had to be replaced with a glass one, giving Lucas his trademark half-dead stare. Henry dropped out of school in the fifth grade and did time at age thirteen for auto theft. He says he took his first



**Lucas: poster boy for child abuse.**

life at fourteen or fifteen, slaying a girl who deflected his fumbling come-on.

By his early twenties, he had settled into marriage in Michigan, finally escaping his mother's clutches—he thought. Viola visited him in a bar, and as she assaulted him with another verbal barrage, he choked and stabbed her to death. Henry recalls hitting Viola and raping her dead body, but he claims no memory of killing her.

He received a forty-year sentence, serving the first six years in an asylum and another eight in prison. He repeatedly attempted suicide while incarcerated and says he underwent a long period of disorientation where he heard Viola's voice commanding him to kill. He pleaded with prison authorities not to release him upon his 1970 parole, but they forced him out. Lucas claims to have slain someone within a few hundred yards of the gates.

A hardened predator, he drifted across the South, subsisting on junk food, alcohol, and five packs of cigarettes a day. Since he killed all ages and both genders in various ways, he confounded police with his lack of a consistent M.O. Many of his victims were female hitchhikers along dusty stretches of I-35 in Texas. Replicating his mother's cruelty, Henry told his prey in explicit terms what he was going to do to them, then made them watch as he hacked off their fingers and toes or burned their genitals with a cigarette. He says he had sex with dismembered human body parts and animals both dead and alive. In a semi-stupor, he once drove around for three days accompanied by a rotting human head. Despite his severe sadism, he says murder depressed him and that he couldn't bear knowing his victims' names. He self-righteously claims to have never robbed his prey.



**Toole: creepy male prostitute.**

In 1976, he met Ottis Elwood Toole in a Florida soup kitchen. A tall, subhuman male hooker with an IQ tested at seventy-five, Ottis's background was uncannily similar to Henry's: physical and sexual abuse, a mother who dressed him as a girl (and later died at his hands), youthful pyromania, and hardcore alcoholism. Like Henry, Ottis was a traveling serial killer, having slayed at random while roaming the West in a pickup truck during the mid-seventies. But Ottis added a few wrinkles of his own, not the least of which were cannibalism and Satanism. (Toole's grandmother had labeled him "the devil's child.") Over the next six-and-a-half years, the drawling Southerners teamed to become the Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn of serial murder.

Allegedly linked with the "Hand of Death," a Mexico-based Satanic cult, Toole engaged Lucas in procuring bodies for cash. Ottis was also Henry's sometime lover. When Lucas indulged the occasional hetero yearning, Toole reportedly slaughtered gays in fits of jealous retribution.

Henry grew infatuated with Becky Powell, Toole's pre-pubescent niece. He adopted the girl and became her common-law husband, even though he was more than thirty years her senior. The unlikely lovers meandered cross-country and halfway back, landing in a Texas Christian commune. In 1982, fed up with Christ, they again set out on the road. While camping in the desert, Becky slapped Henry during an argument. He stabbed her to death, raped her, cut her body into pieces, stuffed the parts in pillowcases, and dumped his dismembered sweetheart in a field. Deeply remorseful for killing the only woman he had ever loved, Henry often returned to the field and spoke to Becky's body parts. He also returned to the commune, eventually murdering octogenarian Granny Rich, slicing an upside-down cross between her breasts and copulating her carcass.

Texas authorities arrested Lucas on gun charges in June, 1983. A routine search uncovered human bones in his trash. Suspected in Granny Rich's murder, he was brought before a judge. Henry admitted to killing Granny,

offhandedly adding, "I got at least a hundred more out there." He subsequently claimed responsibility for up to six hundred murders throughout the US, Canada, Europe, and Asia, even boasting of having supplied Jim Jones with his killer cyanide. Though he forgot whole periods of his life, he remembered murder details with microscopic clarity. On Florida's death row, Ottis convincingly corroborated many of Henry's claims. Police nationwide ceased investigations of two hundred and ten murders on the strength of Lucas's confessions, despite the fact that many of his statements were contradictory or required him to have been several places at once. The mercurial murderer then claimed to have killed only one person, his mother. Investigators still say they believe Henry and Ottis were responsible for at least a hundred slayings.

Eventually convicted of eleven murders, Henry Lee Lucas awaits the death penalty in Texas, his brain corroded from beatings and substance abuse, his body emitting a foul stench from lifelong cadmium poisoning. He is said to have found Jesus. His mother predicted that he would die in jail.

The film *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* chronicles a short span of Lucas and Toole's relationship, though it takes liberties with the facts, as it shows Henry killing Ottis and portrays Becky's character as a full-grown mother who shampoos customers at a Chicago hair salon. Maybe it was supposed to be an "adaptation," like those *Macbeth*-in-a-swimming-pool things you see all the time in L.A. It's still highly recommended, and along with *The Honeymoon Killers* is one of the best murder films ever made.

**QUOTED** (Henry): "I hated all of my life. I hated everybody....I was bitter at the world. I hated everything. There wasn't nothin' I liked. I was bitter as bitter could be....I had nothing but pure hatred. Killing someone is just like walking outdoors. If I wanted a victim, I'd just go get one. I didn't even consider a person a human being."

**CHARACTER WITNESS** (Sister Clemmie, Henry's jail minister): "He is one of the gentlest and most loving Christian persons I have ever known."

**CHARACTER WITNESS:** The manager of a Florida roofing company which employed both Lucas and Toole called Ottis "a good worker."



## ★ 70 ★ JEFFREY LUNDGREN



Described as a "spiritual bully," this fat, greasy Sam Kinison look-alike led the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints, which, despite the name, is not affiliated with the Mormons. In 1984, he

shepherded a flock of six families to a fifteen-acre farmhouse in rural Ohio. He wielded total control, taking his followers' paychecks and eavesdropping on their phone conversations. A typical psycho-religious tyrant, he beat misbehaving children with poles, engaged the men in paramilitary drills, and jerked off while naked female cult members danced for his amusement.

Claiming to be a prophet, he said he had special access to God—sort of a spiritual Gold Card—and that only he could interpret the scriptures. One of his prophecies was that the Lord demanded a blood sacrifice before he would deliver Lundgren's group to the Promised Land. Lundgren never specified where the Promised Land was, but it almost certainly wasn't Cleveland.

Suspicious that his followers in the Avery family lacked sufficient faith, Lundgren decided to offer their bodies as supplication to Jehovah. Lundgren and his agents bound Mr. and Mrs. Avery and their three teenaged daughters with tape, threw them in a pit beneath his barn, and shot them one by one. A cult member used a chain saw to mask the sounds of gunfire. The biggest insult was that Lundgren had used the Averys' credit card to purchase the guns which killed them. Lundgren's cult buried the Averys in a mass grave and fled the farm, but not before thoughtfully opening a big bag of food for their cats.

Lundgren and his family were found with a mini-arsenal of guns at a National City, California, hotel. Nineteen-year-old Damon Lundgren was convicted of four murders, and Mrs. Lundgren received five consecutive life terms. Big Jeff was handed the death penalty, his credit line with God apparently having reached its limit.



## ★ 71 ★ CHARLES MANSON "The Most Dangerous Man Alive"



Charlie. Chuck. Chuckles. Chas. No other "murderer" has been as deified or vilified as Manson, yet there's no proof that he ever killed anyone. The fear he inflicts is that of his ability to control others. Had his family background been different, this spellbinding shrimp might have been super-agent Mike Ovitz or a chairman at Chrysler.

When Manson was paroled in 1967 after serving nearly seven years for pimping, he found a world radically different from the Eisenhower era's hard jaws and greasy kid stuff. He made his way to Haight-Ashbury just in time for the Summer of Love. Abundant dope! Loose women! He dropped his first acid at a Dead concert, wowing audience members with his interpretive-dance prowess before fainting on the floor. Manson's pimping abilities were not lost on the anarchic milieu, and he soon drew





alienated youth eager to swallow philosophy and cum from the little guy with the beard.

His brain reeling with power and LSD 25, Charlie concocted theories at once insane and oddly seductive. His most pervasive doctrine—that people should do what makes them happy, regardless of outside forces—is as harmless and logical as zillions of self-help books. It was his more, shall we say, *esoteric* teachings which got him in trouble. Chief among these was his belief in an imminent race war which blacks would win. According to Charlie, by the time that the victorious Africans realized they were incapable of governing, the Manson family's pure white seed would have multiplied to over a hundred thousand Aryan zealots. The Manson clan would rise to world dominance, with Charlie as their leader. The family secured the Barker Ranch near Death Valley, a "bottomless pit" where they planned to hide and breed after the racial Armageddon.

If we are to trust Manson prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi, Charlie came to these beliefs through an imaginative interpretation of The Beatles' *White Album*, particularly the song "Helter Skelter." Manson is probably as well-known as Mother Theresa, but few know that he was a musician. He learned to play the guitar while behind bars and gave concerts in various San Francisco dives after his 1967 release. (I'd KILL for a tape!) He even penned a song which The Beach Boys, of all groups, recorded. The Manson family waxed their own album called *Lie*, an incredibly depressing sonic mix of Hank Williams and the Velvet Underground. Instead of Satanism, drugs, or unbridled promiscuity, it may have been frustrated musicianship which fueled the Tate-LaBianca slayings: Only months before the murders, Tate's house had been occupied by Terry Melcher, a record-industry insider who hadn't pushed Manson's career to Charlie's satisfaction. In contrast with the widely held notion that the "Helter Skelter" murders were a random onslaught against Middle America, it's conceivable that the family was aiming for Terry, unaware that he had moved.

In fact, the family's first confirmed victim was music teacher Gary Hinman, who was found dead in his home on July 31, 1969. On one wall were the words POLITICAL PIGGY, written in Hinman's blood. On August 9, police found the bodies of actress Sharon Tate and four others in Tate's Bel Air home. The actress had been pregnant at the time of her murder, and the words WAR and PIG were found scrawled in her blood. Accompanied by Susan Atkins, Patricia Krenwinkel, and Linda Kasabian, Charles "Tex" Watson had burst into Tate's house near midnight, yelping, "I am the devil, and I have come to do the devil's work!" Leslie Van Houten, joined Tex and his girls the next night at the L.A. residence of Leno and Rosemary LaBianca, where the couple was repeatedly stabbed and the words DEATH TO PIGS, RISE, and HEALTER SKELTER [sic] were finger-painted on the walls. Manson associate Shorty Shea was found dead two weeks later, hacked to bits at the hands of Mansonites Bruce Davis and Steve Grogan. Charlie's army was also thought to have perpetrated a string of unsolved murders during the late sixties.





**A younger Charlie. Very happy.**

The family wasn't linked to the Tate-LaBianca slayings until October, 1969. Three of the accused girls wanted to plead guilty and exonerate Manson, but their defense lawyers refused. The prosecution, alleging that Charlie was the puppeteer, called him "one of the most evil, Satanic men who ever walked the face of the earth." Manson and several family members were handed death sentences, which were later commuted to life terms. Charlie now sits in a seven-by-thirteen-foot cell at Corcoran State Prison. He has become a role model for disaffected youth worldwide, the Elvis of alienation.

But if he is a master of "evil," whatever the fuck *that* means, he had good teachers. His mother, Kathleen Maddox, was a teenaged alcoholic bisexual prostitute who regarded her son as a nuisance. The name "Manson" was grafted from one of her lovers, though the man probably wasn't the boy's father; in fact, Charlie was listed as "no-name Maddox" on his Cincinnati birth records. According to a possibly apocryphal story, Maddox once sold Charlie for a pitcher of beer, only to have him returned. She was imprisoned for armed robbery when Charlie was five, and the boy was sent to live with his religious-nut aunt and uncle. Like Henry Lee Lucas, Manson was forced to attend school dressed as a girl and often had to eat from garbage cans. His mother was paroled and reclaimed Charlie when he was eight, only to expose him to her drunken sex romps with strangers. She finally turned him over to the state's "care" when he was twelve.

He was whipped at a Catholic boys' home for wetting his bed. He was gang-raped at fifteen in a reform school while a guard watched, masturbating. He was incorrigibly embittered by the time he reached adulthood, a full-fledged criminal involved in theft, pimping, drug dealing, and possibly contract murder. He had spent roughly half his life in jails and reform

schools at the time of his 1967 parole. Charlie begged prison officials not to release him. They should have listened. Then again, I'd only have ninety-nine murderers, wouldn't I?

**QUOTED:** "These children that come at you with knives, they are your children. You taught them. I didn't teach them. I just tried to help them stand up."



★ 72 ★  
**BARRY WAYNE McNAMARA**



On a Saturday night in January, 1985, McNamara shot his father, sister, and niece, then crushed his mother's skull with a giant rock. Shortly after the murders, he surrendered to police at the family ranch near Santa Barbara. No one was sure what caused him to explode. Some said it was jealousy, since Barry

was a lowly electronics technician while his father was a successful inventor. Others whispered that his family had been needing the five-foot-eight, two-hundred-eighty-pounder about his weight.

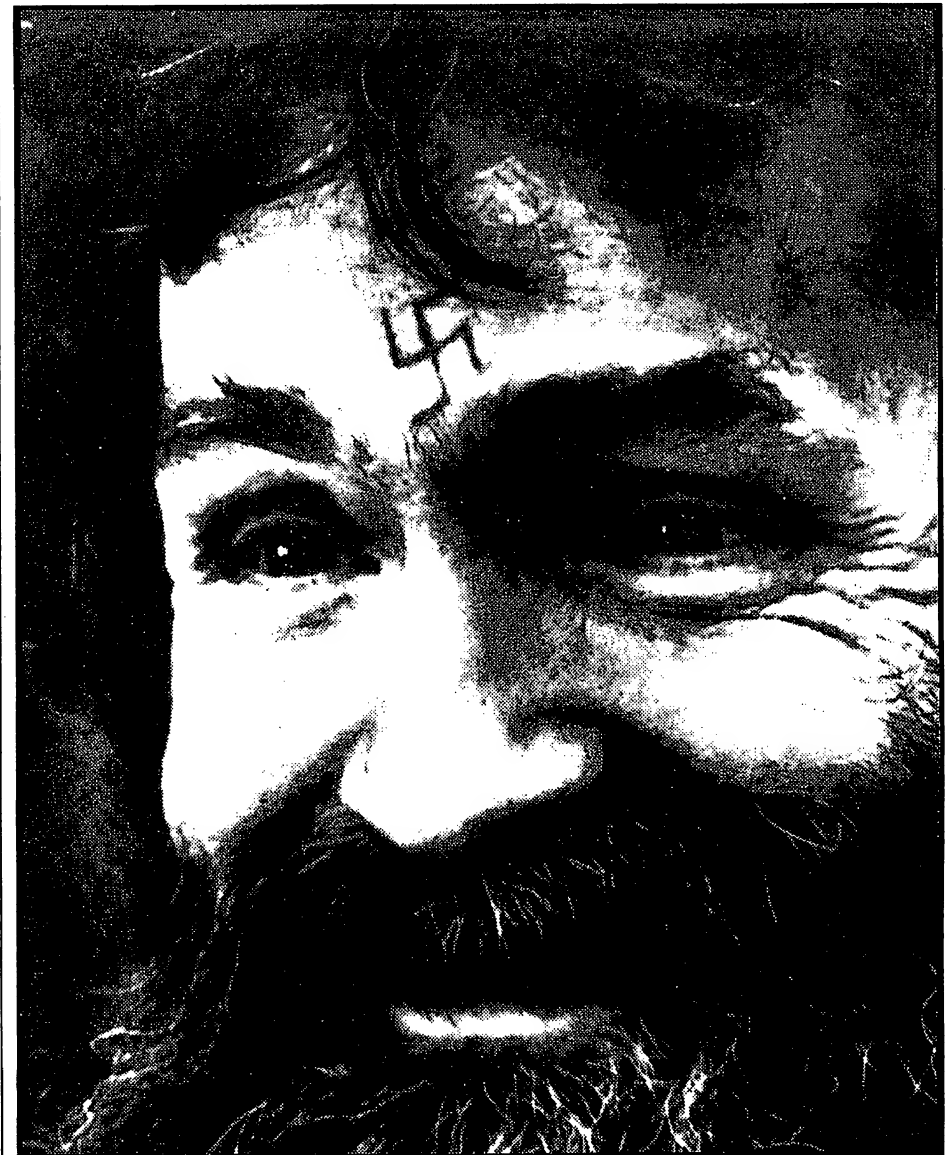
McNamara put all the rumors to rest, explaining that he was the "illegitimate son of Queen Elizabeth the Second" and that the TV commanded him to commit the murders because his parents were Soviet spies.



★ 73 ★  
**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MILLER**  
"The Bra Killer"



A postal clerk who preached to others as he sorted mail, Miller was described by a co-worker as a would-be Billy Graham and a loner. Sensitive and likely to erupt at the smallest instigation, he was routed from white



**An older Charlie. Even happier.**



churches for his unsavory displays of fanaticism. The grizzled Tim Conway look-alike began attending black churches, although he shouted and mewled his religious oatmeal on several Stamford, Connecticut, street corners. It was there that he met his prey, black hookers and junkies who would probably fall under the Christian definition of "sinners." Of his five murder victims, he strangled at least three of them with their bras, the undergarments which harnessed their dirty, filthy sexuality. After signing out of a psychiatric ward in 1972, the married father of a twelve-year-old girl (training bra?) was arrested. One can only fantasize about what he would have done with Madonna and her *bustier*.



★ 74 ★  
**HERBERT MULLIN**



Don't you hate it when people play "echo" with you, annoyingly repeating your every word and gesture until you want to smack them? Herbert Mullin's family hated it when he did it at the dinner table. By the late

sixties, their acid-dropping, yoga-practicing son was acting like such a jackass, they convinced him to commit himself. Antipsychotic medications he received at the hospital didn't seem to help, for he signed scores of letters "a human sacrifice, Herb Mullin" and sent them to people he had never met. An undoubted influence on performance artists, Mullin also heard voices urging him to shave his head and burn his dick with a lit cigarette.

He continued to hear voices upon his release, but these emanated from people he met at random, pleading with Mullin to kill them. Herb happily obliged, clubbing his first victim with a baseball bat. The next person who asked to be killed was a female college student, whom he eviscerated. The product of a stiflingly Catholic background, Mullin felt guilty and confessed to a priest, who astonishingly requested that Herb kill him. Mullin complied, then hunted down the dope dealer who had introduced him to pot. Feeling remorseful for damaging Herb's mind, the man asked Mullin to murder him, as did four other people who shared the man's cabin. A few weeks later, Herb collared four boys who had been camping without a permit and gave them a thorough tongue-lashing. Wracked with sorrow, they asked that he shoot them, and he did. His final victim was a man who was toiling in a garden. Weary of weed-pulling and manure-spreading, he expressed his desire to Mullin that someone would come along and plant a bullet in him. Herb granted the favor, but the police ended his mission of mercy in 1973.



With big tadpole eyes, Mullin told police that his murders stopped a calamitous earthquake from destroying California. They ignored his

explanation, and Herb was given two life sentences. They'll be sorry when the Big One hits, won't they?

**QUOTED:** "Satan gets into people and makes them do things they don't want to."

**CHARACTER WITNESS:** Herb's high-school class voted him "Most Likely to Succeed."



★ 75 ★  
**DALE MERLE NELSON**



A depressive British Columbian lumberjack, Nelson suffered from the occasional limp dick and hid his shame through alcoholic binges. On September 5, 1970, he spent twelve hours getting snookered on a ghastly mix of beer, wine, and hard liquor. He drove to a house where his wife's relatives lived, bludgeoned Shirley Wasyk to death, strangled her seven-year-old daughter, and orally copulated a third girl. A fourth ran for assistance. Suffering from munchies, Nelson opened up the dead seven-year-old girl's guts with a knife, stuck his face in her entrails, and gulped down some half-digested food. His midnight snack having hit the spot, he fled the scene and knocked on the door of a nearby farm. Nelson shot the family patriarch as he opened the door, then smoked the man's wife and four children, sodomizing an eight-year-old girl as she was in her death throes. After killing eight people within an hour, he boldly returned to the Wasyk house *after* police had been there to remove the girl from whose guts he had dined.

Authorities arrested him a day-and-a-half later, and he was given life imprisonment. He claims to hallucinate mosquitoes, dogs, and a Japanese woman in his cell. The worst part of his confinement is that he's forced—ugh!—to eat jail food.

**QUOTED:** "It must have been the LSD."

**CHARACTER WITNESS:** Acquaintances described Nelson as "a regular guy."



★ 76 ★  
**EARLE LEONARD NELSON**  
"The Gorilla Murderer"



A self-described "very religious man of high ideals," Earle Nelson drifted across the US in the mid-1920s, gripping a Bible in his oversized hands. From boarding house to boarding house, he impressed landladies with his fervent gaze and clean-living



demeanor. After impressing them, he'd strangle them, rape their lifeless bodies, mutilate them, and stuff them under his newly rented bed. He once slept three nights with a victim tucked beneath him. After killing a Kansas City landlady and her eight-month-old daughter, he raped the tiny infant's corpse. His cruelty knowing no bounds, he even stole one victim's Bible. He was abducted in Canada and hanged in 1928.



Nelson's mother had died of VD when Earle was nine months old. The boy was sent to live with his psychotically religious aunt. She trained him to be a minister, and Nelson came to believe that he resembled Christ. He experienced head trauma when a trolley car dragged him fifty feet, his skull bouncing like a basketball. Using the name Roger Wilson, he married in 1919. He frequently berated his wife, publicly calling her a whore. He finally caused the poor woman to crack, and she was committed. He raped her in a hospital bed, then accused a doctor of fucking her. An unrepentant Christian, he denied guilt for his murders up until the point that his holy neck snapped.

**QUOTED** (when confronted by police who explained they were searching for the killer of twenty women): "I only do my lady-killing on Saturday nights."



★ 77 ★  
**DENNIS NILSEN**  
"The Monochrome Man"



The British titleholder for multiple murder, Nilsen's story is strikingly similar to Jeffrey Dahmer's. An alcoholic homosexual necrophile who couldn't confront his homosexuality, he brought transient males home after meeting them in gay bars, rendered them insensate with liquor, and strangled them.

Born in Scotland to an abusively alcoholic Norwegian father, Nilsen's mother was a puritanical shrew who forbade Dennis from looking at his own nakedness. He nearly drowned at age eight, and while in a semiconscious state on the beach, he was molested by the person who saved his life. Nilsen loved his grandfather and was devastated when he died. It's telling that he was permitted to view granddad's cold, marblelike carcass in the casket. From that moment on, love and death were synonymous to him. He became remote, incapable of forging lasting friendships.

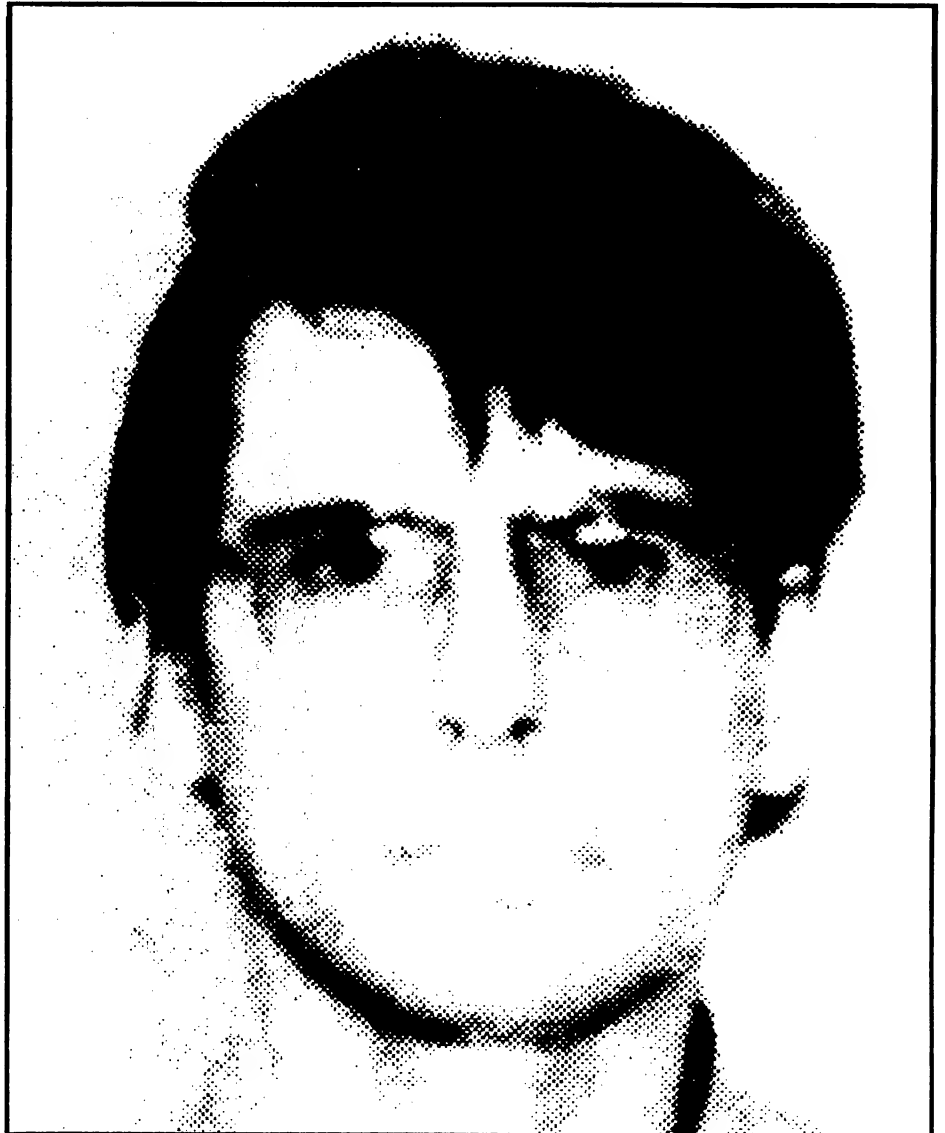
When a roommate of three years left him in 1978, Nilsen plunged into a maelstrom of loneliness. The subject of a book titled *Killing for Company*, he choked his first victim with a necktie after the man refused an offer to stay at Nilsen's flat. When his next house guest ignored his attempts at light conversation and slouched into a pair of headphones, Nilsen strangled the man with the headphone cord. After his third murder, Nilsen said he awoke and realized he "didn't have a say in it anymore. Someone else or something else was controlling me." One of the more eloquent serial killers, he described his

behavior as "misplaced love out of its time and out of its mind."

After stripping, washing, drying, powdering, and dressing his victims' bodies, Nilsen would lay the cadaver in bed and masturbate beside it. He sometimes retrieved a corpse from beneath the floor and spent the night with it, placing it in a chair, watching the telly alongside it, and making small talk.

When the stench became unbearable, he burned his victims' bodies in backyard fires, also burning rubber to hide the smell of flesh. After slaying a dozen male drifters at his apartment in Cricklewood, he moved to a flat in London's starchy Cranley Gardens section. For his housewarming, he boiled pieces of his new apartment's first victim in a stove pot.

His five-year murder career ended in February, 1983, when a drainage clerk responded to complaints that neighborhood plumbing pipes were backing up. The man nearly vomited when he encountered the distinctive aroma of putrefied human meat, cut in white strips he described as looking "like chicken flesh." When police investigated, Nilsen, a former policeman himself, seemed



**Nilsen: Dahmer prototype and ABBA fan.**

relieved to have finally been captured. Detectives found various body parts hidden in Nilsen's tea chest and plastic bags containing three heads. He received a life sentence and is now imprisoned on the Isle of Wight. He is said to be a fan of Scandinavian pop gods ABBA, validating my long-held belief that this group was a fountainhead of evil.

**QUOTED** (describing his last victim's cadaver): "I just sat there and watched him. He looked really beautiful, like one of those Michelangelo sculptures. It seemed that, for the first time in his life, he was really feeling and looking the best he ever did in his whole life."

**QUOTED** (concerning his emotional isolation): "Loneliness is a long, unbearable pain.... There was never a place for me in the scheme of things.... I had become a living fantasy on a theme in dark, endless dirges.... I made another world, and real men would enter it and they would never really get hurt at all in the vivid, unreal laws of the dream. I caused dreams which caused death. This is my crime."

**CHARACTER WITNESS:** A co-worker said that Nilsen, like Norman Bates in *Psycho*, "wouldn't hurt a fly."



## ★ 78 ★ ALFRED G. PACKER



Acting as a guide for a team of twenty Colorado gold prospectors as the 1873 winter turned inhospitable, Packer ignored an Indian chief's warning that his group would find death in the San Juan Mountains. Packer was bluffing about his knowledge of the area, and fifteen disgruntled crew members turned back. The rest were blinded by fierce snowstorms, and they took shelter in an abandoned mountain hut. Using a rifle, Packer blew open their skulls as they slept, then picked them clean of possessions. He had plenty of money, but no food. Hmm....

He dissected them, froze their meat in the snow, packed it in his bag, and made for a nearby Indian camp with a supply of human Slim Jims. He ditched the meat near the camp, but Indians uncovered it, and Packer was taken into custody. He later escaped and wasn't found until nearly ten years later, when one of the original prospectors confronted him in Salt Lake City. Packer served sixteen years in a Colorado prison and died in 1907, visions of tit steaks dancing in his head.

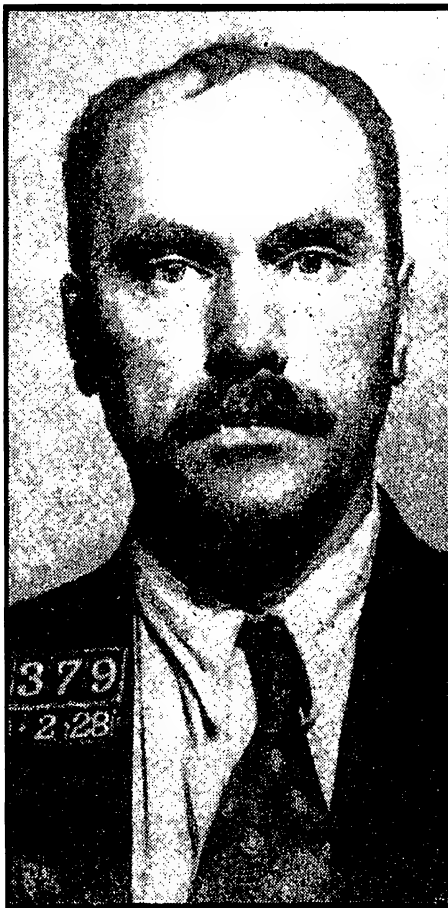
**QUOTED** (regarding his feelings as he stumbled upon the camp armed with human meat): "When I espied the agency from the top of the hill, I threw away the strips of flesh I had left, and I confess I did so reluctantly, as I had grown fond of human flesh, especially that portion around the breast."



## ★ 79 ★ CARL PANZRAM



An angry white boy who once boasted of having sodomized a thousand males, Panzram had more bite-your-face-off attitude than all other serial killers combined. Born in 1891 to Prussian parents in Minnesota, he received a drunk-and-disorderly charge at age eight, became a robber at age eleven, moved up to arson at fourteen, and set a church afire one year later. While in reform school, he jerked off and pissed into drinks he served to authorities. Tortured by overseers with whips, straitjackets, and electrical shocks, his remaining scraps of humanity were forever drained away.



Unmatched in sadism, Panzram enjoyed the sight of brains oozing out of a man's ears. Adept at jailbreaks and a leader of prison riots, he spent his time behind bars concocting schemes for destroying entire cities. In 1920, he brazenly robbed the home of former President William Howard Taft, making off with forty thousand dollars in property. When he wasn't burglarizing and killing Americans, he worked in South America, served in an insurrectionist Mexican army, lived in Europe, and went on an African safari, where he killed eight blacks and fed them to crocodiles.

When handed a twenty-five-year sentence for burglary in 1928, he threatened to "kill the first person who bothers me." Within ten months, he beat a prison worker to death using an iron bar.

He was sentenced to die at the gallows, which suited him just fine. He petitioned Herbert Hoover that his "constitutional rights to be hung be respected." They were respected on September 5, 1930, with Panzram shoving guards and hurling epithets until the bitter end.

**QUOTED** (in a letter Panzram sent to an anti-capital-punishment group which opposed his execution): "I do not believe that being hanged by the neck until dead is a barbaric or inhuman punishment. I look forward to that as a real pleasure and a big relief to me.... When my last hour comes, I will dance out of my dungeon and onto the scaffold with a smile on my face and happiness in my heart.... The only thanks you or your kind will ever get from me for your efforts on my behalf is that I wish you all had one neck and that I had my hands on it.... I believe the only way to reform people is to kill 'em.... My motto is: 'Rob 'em all, rape 'em all, and kill 'em all!'"



## ★ 80 ★ DR. MARCEL PETIOT "The Great Liquidator"



Working in Paris during World War II, Petiot played both sides of the conflict to his perverse advantages: French authorities thought he was killing Nazis, and Nazis thought he was killing Jews. He was probably doing the latter under the aegis of providing westward passage for wealthy Jews. His method was foolproof, for when someone disappeared, the Nazis would think they had escaped, while family members feared the Nazis got 'em.

Petiot's Parisian "murder factory" housed a soundproof room with a peephole. After consulting an applicant, he administered an "inoculation" and directed him into a passageway to "freedom," which actually led to the soundproof room. Victims encountered a second door, a false one. When they turned back, they'd find the first door locked. Looking through the peephole, Petiot watched as the "inoculation" took hold. He started dumping bodies in his backyard, then switched to burning them as he ran out of space.

The physician was nearly caught in 1944, when police responded to complaints of rank-smelling smoke emerging from his chimney. Petiot came home as cops searched his house, explained that the Gestapo was after him, and was permitted to leave. Police later found a butcher shop in his basement, with body parts scattered everywhere and a pile of twenty-seven eviscerated corpses in a furnace. They also discovered forty-seven suitcases with fifteen hundred articles of clothing, presumably his victims' belongings.

Petiot was captured nine months later. He confessed to nearly one hundred and fifty killings but set the number at sixty-three during his trial. Petiot claimed to be a member of the French Resistance and said he only killed Nazi sympathizers. However, he couldn't name any of

them, and he was guillotined in May, 1946. He was a postal official's son, which probably explains everything.



★ 81 ★  
**PATRICK PURDY**  
"The Stockton Schoolyard Killer"



In January, 1989, wearing ear-plugs, a flak jacket, and army fatigues on which he had scribbled "PLO," "LIBYA," and "DEATH TO THE GREAT SATIN [sic]," Purdy turned the schoolyards of Stockton, California's Cleveland Elementary School into the killing fields. He unloaded a hundred and five rounds from an AK-47 into a group of children who were on recess, then took his own life with a handgun. Despite the massive ammo, he wasn't a particularly good shot, killing only five of an estimated four hundred and fifty kids. All of his victims were of Southeast Asian descent.



Purdy, described as a "chronically angry, alcoholic drifter," was said to have hated Asians, especially the Vietnamese, of whom Stockton has a high quotient. His Vietnam-vet father had been released from the Army as a mental defective. Police found toy tanks, jeeps, and soldiers in Purdy's motel room. It was speculated that he "rehearsed" with the miniature warriors before his rampage. A welfare recipient, he had a rap sheet as long as a porn star's dick, including a charge for "firing a pistol in a national forest." He purchased the AK-47 for three hundred and fifty bucks in Oregon, and his six-minute performance with it hastened a California ban on automatic

weapons. The plastically altered musical space alien Michael Jackson later visited the school to comfort students.

**QUOTED** (as he left an Indian-owned fleabag motel on the way to his spree): "The damn Hindus and boat people own everything."



★ 82 ★  
**RICHARD RAMIREZ**  
"The Night Stalker"



A charismatic fusion of Joey Ramone and Juan Epstein from *Welcome Back, Kotter*, this yellow-toothed drifter is a hero to young Satanists everywhere. Incurably devoted to crunch-metalloids AC/DC, Ramirez took their song "Night Prowler" to heart, sometimes playing it for hours. Over a six-month period in 1985, he slithered into unlocked homes in the L.A. and San Francisco areas, attacking before dawn while his victims slept. He bludgeoned, stabbed or shot them, sometimes butt-slaming them post-mortem. Males were usually dispatched with bullets to the head. Their spouses were assaulted next to hubby's lifeless mass. Mesmerized by Satanic iconography, Ramirez spray-painted pentagrams on some victims' walls and engraved one on a woman's thigh. Using a spoon, he gouged out an elderly woman's eyes, taking the jellied orbs with him.

During a visit to Donna Myers, a friend in San Pablo, Ramirez saw a composite sketch of the Night Stalker on television and hinted that it might be him. He crossed the wrong person when he stole her daughter's jewelry, and Myers snitched. Ramirez saw a picture of himself in a Spanish newspaper connecting him to the theft, and he ran through the streets of East L.A. searching for a getaway car. He muffed a robbery attempt and was nearly killed by an angry mob before police arrested him.



In jail, Ramirez reportedly drew a pentagram on the cell floor using his own blood and bragged to another inmate that he had claimed twenty victims. Blasé about the whole ruckus, he initially refused being provided with defense lawyers. Aggressively remorseless during his trial, he winked and blew kisses at TV cameras, yelled "Hail, Satan!" in court, wagged the two-fingered "sign of the devil" at reporters, and flashed a pentagram tattooed on his left palm. A coke-shooting, dust-smoking, epileptic kleptomaniac in black clothing and shades, Ramirez apparently believed that Satan would protect him from being caught. He was identified by eight witnesses and received the death penalty. His response? "Big deal."

**QUOTED** (in his pre-sentencing statement): "You don't understand. You are not expected to. You are not capable of it. I am beyond your experience. I am beyond good and evil. Legions of the night, night breed. Repeat not the errors of the Night Prowler and show no mercy. I will be avenged....Lucifer dwells within us all."



★ 83 ★  
**MELVIN DAVID REES**  
"The Sex Beast"



Skiddly-be-bop-KILL! A tall, thin jazz musician who stashed a .38 revolver in his saxophone case, Rees terrorized Maryland and Virginia with his roadside slayings in the late fifties. He typically overtook cars and flashed his lights, forcing bewildered motorists to stop. His first killing occurred when he seized a couple at gunpoint and shot the woman when she refused to fork over her cash. Rees then raped the woman's bloody corpse. Near the murder scene, police found an abandoned shack littered with porn shots and morgue photos of women.

On a Virginia road in 1959, Rees abducted the Jackson family, binding the family patriarch's hands and shooting him. Jackson fell on his infant daughter and inadvertently smothered her to death. Rees then raped the Jackson women, apparently dragging Mrs. Jackson to his porno shack and forcing her to blow him. Rees was suspected in the subsequent killings of four schoolgirls. A friend, plagued by Rees's matter-of-fact descriptions of wanton slaughter, sent a letter to police charging him with the murders. A later phone call tipped investigators to Rees's whereabouts, and the Benzedrine-popping killer jazzman was arrested in an Arkansas music shop. At his parents' home, police found notes written by Rees which brutally described his crimes. Rees received the death penalty, shuffling off to the great cocktail lounge in the sky in 1961.

**QUOTED** (from his diary, describing the murder of the Jackson family): "Caught on a lonely



**Rees and peroxidized friend.**

road....Drove to a select area and killed husband and baby....Now the mother and daughter were all mine....Now I was her master."



★ 84 ★  
**ARTHUR SHAWCROSS**



Under hypnosis during his murder trial, Art assumed the persona of "Ariemes," a thirteenth-century British cannibal who supposedly schooled Shawcross in the culinary joys of human flesh. He also spoke in a

screaming whine as his mother, implying that mom possessed him as he murdered. He recounted a childhood event where his mother allegedly rammed a broomstick up his ass. This is rather standard fare for serial killers, but in the boring beer town of Rochester, New York, the televised proceedings were high drama.

Released from prison in 1988 after serving fifteen years for the strangulation slayings of two children, Shawcross embarked on a twenty-one-month spree where he killed eleven women, nine of them prostitutes. He says he killed one hooker for moaning too loudly during sex,

another for calling him a wimp. He dumped his victims in local bodies of water and was arrested in 1990 when police spotted him near a frozen corpse. He was a noncombat Vietnamese vet who claimed to have cannibalized two Vietnamese girls during his tour of duty. He said he also ate portions of a ten-year-old boy and parts of two other victims. Like many killers, he once drove through town with a cadaver propped up in the passenger's seat. Before his apprehension, he frequented Dunkin' Donuts, the favorite haunt of Northeastern cops, quizzing officers about the



murder investigation. Shawcross received ten write-in votes during New York's 1990 gubernatorial election.



★ 85 ★  
**PATRICK SHERRILL**  
"Crazy Pat"



Neither the first nor the last, but the biggest of the rampaging postal workers. On August 20, 1986, Sherrill fixed himself scrambled eggs, put on his uniform, and arrived punctually as the sun rose over Edmond,

Oklahoma's post office. Instead of birthday cards and utilities bills, his mailbag contained a .22 and two .45s. His pistols were loaded with "wadcutters," bullets which expand once inside the body. He shot down a supervisor first, killing thirteen others and finally himself during ten minutes of gunfire. He died a foot-and-a-half from his first victim, who had watched the previous day while Sherrill was loudly berated for his work performance. The man who gave

Sherrill the browbeating overslept and escaped almost certain death. Though management in Oklahoma's post-office system is said to be hard-assed, co-workers claimed that Sherrill was indeed a pretty inept letter carrier. Yellow ribbons sprouted in Edmond and its environs after the shootings.



Neighbors described Sherrill as a loner who walked around his neighborhood at night dressed in camouflage, staring into their windows. He often mowed his lawn at midnight and rode solo on a bicycle built for two. A search of his house uncovered several bull's-eye and human-silhouette targets, a homemade silencer, and copies of *Soldier of Fortune* magazine. Sherrill had once been diagnosed as suffering from "factitious post-traumatic stress disorder," a sort of psychosomatic battle fatigue.



★ 86 ★  
**RONALD GENE SIMMONS**



Simmons was a fat, bald, bearded Arkansan who surrounded his Ozark trailer home with barbed wire and NO TRESPASSING signs. Alleged to be the father of his daughter's child, he abused his family both

physically and sexually. In December, 1987, as his wife readied to divorce him and his daughter told friends, "I'd rather be dead than go on like this," he shot down fourteen of his inbred kinfolk. He also killed two others, one of whom was said to have resisted his lecherous advances. After surrendering to police, Simmons's lip quivered involuntarily when he was asked about his relatives. Bodies of five family members were found in his trailer, with nine others located in two abandoned cars and a nearby grave.

A former Air Force sergeant, he had previously been indicted for incest in New Mexico, but he loaded up his truck à la Jed Clampett and fled for them thar hills, where his ingrate relatives slowly turned on him. I mean, if a hillbilly can't fuck his daughter, whom *can* he fuck?

**CHARACTER WITNESS:** An acquaintance called Simmons "a common Joe."



★ 87 ★  
**ROBERT BENJAMIN SMITH**



With the summertime exploits of Richard Speck and Charles Whitman, 1966 was a banner year for mass murder, a point which wasn't lost on Robert Smith. The high-school senior from Mesa, Arizona, idolized both killers, as well as Napoleon and Jesse James. So in November of '66, he left his house equipped with a nylon cord, some sandwich bags, two knives, and a .22 pistol which his parents had given him. Because it offered a high number of potential targets, he set out for the Rose-Mar College of Beauty, less than two miles from his home. He brandished his pistol upon arriving but was ignored. He shattered a mirror with one shot and commanded five women and two children into a back room.

"There'll be forty people here in five minutes," said one woman, trying to dissuade him.

"I'm sorry," Smith replied, "but I didn't bring enough ammunition for them."

He had intended to bind the women, tie the sandwich bags over their heads, and watch them suffocate, but the bags wouldn't fit. Frustrated, he forced them to lie in a circle like the June Taylor Dancers, their heads in the middle. He then shot them, stabbing one woman who tried to flee. Someone heard the gunfire and called the police, who found Smith gloating over the bodies. Two women were already dead and three died later, including a three-year-old girl. Smith, described as a smart, jittery, girl-shy proponent of germ warfare, laughingly confessed to the killings. During the funeral, a preacher standing over the coffins said, "It was God's will."

**QUOTED:** "I wanted to get known, just wanted to get myself a name."



★ 88 ★  
**CHARLES SOBHRAJ**



Born in Saigon to a Vietnamese mother and Indian father, the young Sobhraj witnessed hellish violence during the Indochinese conflict. Shipped off to France at age nine, he endured ceaseless racist barbs and developed a

pointed hatred for Europeans.

As an adult check forger, diamond smuggler, and heroin dealer, he ingratiated himself with American and European tourists. After winning their confidence, he'd drug and strangle them, douse their lifeless stiffs with gasoline, and set them aflame. He drowned a rival pusher in a bathtub after administering him a lethal dose of smack. Sobhraj's career extended from France

to India, Greece, Turkey, Iran, Nepal, Hong Kong, and Thailand. At one point, he was Asia's most wanted criminal. A brilliant escape artist, he was repeatedly caught but always managed to bribe, blackmail, talk, drug, or hacksaw his way out of jail. In 1976, he was apprehended in Bombay for trying to poison sixty French students. After receiving a life sentence in 1982 for murdering an Israeli, he drugged jail



*Smith got his fame the old-fashioned way—he KILLED for it!*

wardens and escaped, only to be captured a few weeks later.

**QUOTED:** "Always remember that their desire to keep me locked up is no match for my desire to be free.... I use psychology like stupid people use guns."



★ 89 ★  
**RICHARD SPECK**



He drank all day on July 13, 1966, peeping at nurses sunbathing outside Jeffrey Manor on Chicago's seamy South Side. He had BORN TO RAISE HELL tattooed on one arm, possibly the same arm into which he shot

dope after his day of drinking. Lustfully stuporous by nighttime, he staggered back to the nurses' dorm and thumped on the front door. When nursing student Corazon Amurao answered, Speck produced a knife and gun, bullying his way into the building. He corralled six nurses into a room, binding them with tattered strips from a bedsheet. He added three more hostages as they drifted in after returning from dates. The pizza-faced garbage man with greasy blond hair then took one girl to a separate room, knifing and choking her to death. It has been speculated that the first murder sent Speck into a sexual frenzy. At the rate of three per hour, he murdered all but one of the remaining nurses, missing Corazon Amurao, who had squirmed under a bed. He washed the blood from his hands after each killing. His solitary rape victim was Gloria Davy, the woman who most resembled his estranged wife. Speck penetrated her anus with a foreign object and wrapped his T-shirt in her panties, dropping the smelly bundle at the crime scene.

He also left ubiquitous fingerprints and several other dumb clues. In binding the nurses, he tied his knots like a seaman. He told Amurao he needed money to get to New Orleans. At a seaman's bureau less than a block from the nurses' dormitory, Speck had applied for a New Orleans-bound ship.

Leaving eight nurses dead, Speck went out the next morning and got drunk all over again. He stayed plastered in the ensuing days, jokingly pretending to slit a bartender's throat the night after the killings. He told bar patrons he was returning from Vietnam, where he had killed several people. Spending his time with three-dollar whores, he slept at a ninety-cent-a-night hotel. On July 16, a Chicago newspaper reported that Amurao had identified the killer. Speck slit his wrist, collapsed at the hotel, and was rushed to a hospital. Matching Speck's trademark tattoo to a newspaper description, a doctor called police. Though Ricky claimed no memory of the murders, it took a jury less than an hour to convict him, sentencing him to four hundred years.

Speck, twenty-four at the time of his abduction, was subsequently implicated in four murders which occurred prior to the nurse slayings. He blamed his deteriorated mental



state on being punch-drunk from too many barroom brawls. He also claimed to have slammed himself in his dome with a hammer after a childhood fight with daddy. The brain-damaged comic-book fan died in jail of a heart attack late in 1991.

**QUOTED** (to Corazon Amurao): "Don't be afraid.... I'm not going to kill you."



★ 90 ★  
**CHARLES STARKWEATHER & CARIL ANN FUGATE**



A young, love-struck Sid and Nancy team who had the good sense to kill others instead of themselves. Charlie "Little Red" Starkweather, a five-foot-two, denim-clad, pigeon-toed James Dean wannabe, loved hot rods

and hunting. The teenaged Nebraskan carried his .22 rifle almost everywhere he went, lugging it with him when he visited fourteen-year-old Caril Ann Fugate on January 21, 1958. Caril wasn't home, so Charlie amused himself with the gun while he waited. Caril's mother, not very fond of Little Red in the first place, yelled at Starkweather, slapping him for playing with a lethal weapon in her house. He slapped her back, and as Caril's stepfather tried to intervene, Starkweather shot both of them dead. When Caril came home, Charlie choked her two-year-old sister to death by ramming his rifle barrel in her throat. Bored, Caril turned on the television as Charlie made sandwiches and wrapped the corpses in newspapers. After cleaning up, he finally joined his lovebird in front of the tube. Caril placed a sign on her front door which read, "Every Body [sic] is Sick With the Flu." She shooed away the police when they came to investigate. The cops returned at the insistence of Caril's suspicious relatives, only to find that the killer couple had fled.

Over the next week, they wreaked havoc on the bitterly cold Plains States, killing seven people with the reckless enthusiasm only lovers can understand. Guided by Cupid, they were able to slip through a two-hundred-member Nebraskan National Guard barricade. With twelve hundred law-enforcement officials in pursuit, the pair were finally captured on a Wyoming road. At first, Charlie tried to plead Caril's innocence, but he changed his tune when she blamed him for the murders. Little Red was also found culpable in the execution-style slaying of a gas-station attendant occurring prior to his spree with Caril. He was broiled in the chair in June, 1959, a horde of swooning bobby-soxers keeping vigil outside the prison. Caril was paroled in 1976. The film *Badlands* was based on their story, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek in the primary roles, but the slick screen duo failed to duplicate the originals' goofy, lovesick homeliness.

**QUOTED** (Starkweather): "They say this is a wonderful world to live in, but I don't believe I ever did really live in a wonderful world.... The more I looked at people, the more I hated them, because I knowed [sic] there wasn't any place for me with the kind of people I knowed. I used to wonder why they was here, anyhow. A bunch of goddamned sons-of-bitches looking for somebody to make fun of."

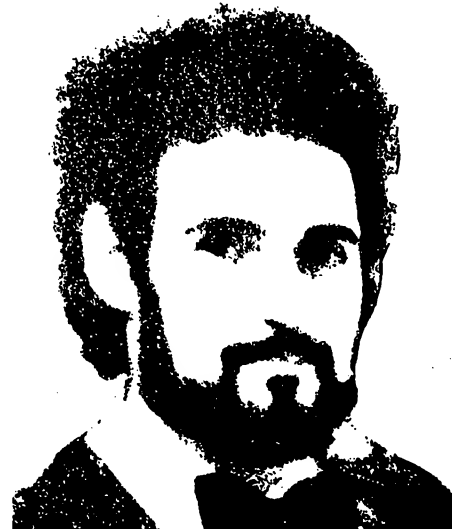


★ 91 ★  
**PETER SUTCLIFFE**  
"The Yorkshire Ripper"



When God's voice rises from a cemetery cross and commands you to kill hookers, it would be rather insolent to refuse, wouldn't it? Especially when the filthy wenches laugh at your inability to maintain an erection, right?

Who could blame a guy if he clobbered their skulls with a hammer, particularly when he had



a schizoid wife who didn't understand him? He was letting off some steam!

A former gravedigger with vampiric features,





**Fugate and Starkweather: young, in love, and maybe just a little bit stupid.**

Sutcliffe was given to black mood spells. From 1975 to 1981, he preyed on prostitutes in and around the Northern England town of Yorkshire. After crushing his victims' skulls, he needlessly and repeatedly knifed them, stabbing one dead woman's eye because he felt the lifeless peeper looked at him disapprovingly. It was intimated that Sutcliffe shot his wad in the course of stabbing, the knife's steely shaft a substitute phallus. He set some of his victims free, possibly reaching climax before killing them. British police, frustrated with numerous false leads and forged taped confessions, had questioned Sutcliffe on nine occasions, releasing him nine times. He was apprehended while sitting in a car with a prostitute in 1981, and a subsequent trial led to a life sentence. For the time being, God must depend on others to rid the world of street trollops.

**QUOTED** (from a sign he placed in his lorry's window): "In this truck is a man whose latent genius, if unleashed, would rock the nation, whose dynamic energy would overpower those around him. Better let him sleep?"



★ 92 ★  
**MARYBETH TINNING**  
"The Bad Mother"



*Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top/When the wind blows, the cradle will rock/When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall/And if you cry too much, your emotionally disturbed mother will suffocate you with a*

pillow, tote your dead little body to the hospital, and blame it on a genetic disease or Sudden Infant Death Syndrome.

Schenectady ambulance driver Marybeth Tinning received a great deal of sympathy and emotional stroking when her baby died in 1972. She enjoyed the attention so much, she smothered two of her other kids within the next six months. She showed no emotion at the funerals, but her grief manifested itself in other ways: She caked her face with makeup, tinted her hair a Bozo-the-Clown hue of red, and wore a maternity dress when she wasn't pregnant. She obsessively read and re-read a novel titled *Where are the Children?*, the plot of which dealt with a mother who had wrongly been charged with baby-killing.

At first, her neighbors felt sorry for Marybeth, but *her kids kept dying*, nine of them from 1972

until 1985. Their suspicions heightened when a pediatric exam revealed Marybeth to be normal. Tinning alleged the deaths were caused by birth defects, but one of the kids was adopted. After the ninth death, a neighbor accompanied Marybeth and her husband Joe to the hospital. When she visited them the next morning, she was shocked to find them calmly snarfing down their breakfast as if nothing had happened.

A concerned sister-in-law finally turned Marybeth in to police. A doctor ruled that she had suffocated the ninth child and possibly all others except the first. A psychologist hinted that Marybeth punished herself for the first death by re-creating it. The Bad Mother eventually confessed to three of the killings, receiving a twenty-year sentence for the ninth child's murder. At the prison nursery, where convicted moms can keep their kids for up to a year, Marybeth has been seen snooping around the cribs.

**QUOTED:** "I killed them. I killed my children.... I smothered them with a pillow because I'm not a good mother.... If I'd been a good mother, my other babies wouldn't have died."





**Tinning and a soon-to-be-dead kid.**

★ 93 ★  
**HOWARD UNRUH**



As a soldier during World War II, Unruh fetishized his gun, cleaning it religiously. A tank gunner in the Battle of the Bulge, he kept a war diary which included a litany of how he killed each German, with full descriptions of their post-mortem appearance.

After the war, he returned home to Camden, New Jersey, but he just couldn't shake the militaristic mind-set. He held target practice in his parents' basement. He quarreled endlessly with his neighbors, making a list of imaginary insults they'd hurled at him. If a neighbor was thought to have committed an infraction, Unruh scribbled "retal" (retaliate) next to his or her name. In an act of inexplicable paranoia, he built a tall wooden fence around his backyard. When someone stole the fence on September 5, 1949, it sent the shy, surly Bible student over the edge.



**QUOTED:** "I'm no psycho. I have a good mind.... I'd have killed a thousand if I'd had bullets enough."



★ 94 ★  
**CORAL EUGENE WATTS**  
**"The Sunday-Morning Slasher"**



His IQ may have been seventy-five, but he was smart enough to plea-bargain his way out of a murder rap. A paranoid schizophrenic, car mechanic, and amateur woodcarver, Watts was arrested in 1982 after attempting to drown a woman in a bathtub. He had arrived in Houston from Michigan sixteen months previously. Michigan police suspected that he was that state's "Sunday-Morning Slasher," a man who murdered four young women in the wee hours of the Lord's Day, stabbing and/or strangling them without sexual assault. The Michigan murders ceased after Watts's arrival in Texas, and similar slayings began to surface around Houston.

To the prosecutors' dismay, Watts left little evidence. In a plea bargain, he agreed to lead them to grave sites if they waived the death penalty. Watts was given a sixty-year sentence for burglary. Vengeance-hungry Texans were enraged, and Watts was forced to wear a bulletproof vest during his trial.

He once told a psychiatrist that he believed women are "evil" and should be exterminated. Member of a Pentecostal church, he possessed an almost mystical hatred of chicks and sought to save the world by removing the vaginal scourge. It was claimed that Watts's beloved uncle had been murdered by women relatives when Coral Eugene was but a child. He spent most of his life killing them back.



★ 95 ★  
**CHARLES WHITMAN**  
**"The Texas Tower Sniper"**



"What is your chief problem?" asked the psychiatrist's questionnaire, a query Charles Whitman had never considered. His mom had just left his abusive father. Charles, his head throbbing like a jackhammer, was recently given to explosive bursts of anger. He fantasized about ascending the observation tower at the University of Texas at Austin and showering students with bullets. The Eagle Scout and former Marine sharpshooter was acting like a bona fide psycho. Why? Depression over his parents' breakup? His heavy workload as an engineering student? What the hell was his problem? "That's why I'm here," he wrote after considerable rumination. "I don't know."



The shrink didn't know, either, and by July 31, 1966, Whitman was ready for the final solution. He murdered his mother at midnight, then stabbed his wife to death. The next morning, armed with guns, ammo, sandwiches, a radio, deodorant, and toilet paper, he made for the tower. (Whitman may have been primed for a mass slaying, but at least he wanted to *smell* good.) He slammed the tower receptionist in the skull with a rifle butt, killing her. Whitman then obstructed the stairway, shooting two sightseers caught on the stairs.

Perched atop the tower, he started blowing away pupils. He shot a pregnant woman in the abdomen, killing the fetus nesting peacefully inside her. When a man rushed to the woman's side, Whitman smoked the would-be Samaritan. A plane tried to take Whitman out, buzzing near the tower in the fashion of *King Kong*, but he sent it away with spirited salvos. Police were finally able to leap over Whitman's barricade and shoot him to death. The strapping student with the blond flattop had left sixteen dead and

thirty wounded in just over ninety minutes. If the secretary and two sightseers hadn't detained him, he would have been in time for the 11:30 changing of classes, a virtual turkey shoot.

Whitman ultimately *did* sense what was wrong with him. In a letter he wrote during the course of killing his mom and his wife, he requested that an autopsy be performed to detect any brain abnormalities. His prescience was spooky, as an examination uncovered a golf-ball-sized tumor forcing pressure on his brain's aggression center.

**QUOTED** (in his bon voyage letter): "To Whom It May Concern: I have just killed my mother. If there's a heaven, she's going there. If there's not a heaven, she's out of her pain and misery.... I love my mother with all my heart.... Life is not worth living."



★ 96 ★  
**CHRISTOPHER WILDER**  
"The Beauty-Queen Killer"



Chrissy-boy was a man of many hyphens, a tanned, gold-chain-wearing, credit-card-flashing Palm Beach-area jet-setter. He owned speedboats, surfed, and had a sauna in his bedroom. He was an amateur race-car driver

and owned several vehicles, including a Porsche. He attended health clubs, liked expensive restaurants, and was an excellent tipper. He owned two construction companies but was socially conscious, contributing to the Seal Rescue Fund and Save the Whales. An animal lover, he hit his brakes at turtle crossings. And he killed broads.

One was a contestant in 1982's Miss Mannequin Pageant, and Wilder left her as stiff as any storefront dummy. Another was a cheerleader. Not all of his victims were beauty queens, but most were seduced by Wilder's smooth fashion-photographer come-on. He forged business cards which associated him with actual modeling agencies, duping would-be Claudia Schiffers into his confidence. He'd then bind, beat, rape, and stab or strangle them. He tortured one woman with a hundred-and-ten-volt electrical cord and tried to glue her eyes shut. Perhaps he was getting even for his traumatic upbringing, during which he received electroshock therapy.

He was placed on probation for drugging a woman with a slice of spiked pizza. Violating orders in 1982, he flew to Australia, land of his birth. Not content to sit on the beach, he blindfolded two fifteen-year-old girls in a hotel room and forced them to have sex with him and pose for nude snapshots. He was freed after posting \$376,000 in bail.

Back in the USA, he snapped in a big way during the spring of 1984. Over six weeks, using stolen cars and credit cards, he drove from the East Coast to the West Coast and back again, raping and killing as he went. He kidnapped Tina Marie Risico from a Torrance, California, mall, raping her in a motel room and subjecting

her to his brand of shock treatment. Risico was a bit more streetwise than his other victims, and Wilder decided to make her an accomplice as he drove eastward. According to Risico, Wilder enjoyed watching television reports about himself. Falling in love with the teenaged girl, he kissed her goodbye at a Boston airport, handing her a lump of cash and a ticket to L.A.



By that point, Wilder had killed at least eight women, and over five hundred FBI agents were on his tail, the largest dragnet since Martin Luther King, Jr.'s assassination. On Friday, April 13th, New Hampshire state troopers cruising near a gas station spotted a car Wilder had stolen. A struggle ensued, and Wilder went for his .357, fatally shooting himself in the heart while tussling with a cop. Back in California, Tina Marie Risico went on a shopping spree.

**QUOTED** (on a 1981 videotape he made for a dating service): "I have a need to meet and socialize on a wider basis than I have been doing. I want to date and enjoy the company of women, women with depth. I'm looking for a long-term relationship but not marriage....I would like to have a family one day."



★ 97 ★  
**WAYNE WILLIAMS**  
"The Atlanta Child Murderer"



From July, 1979, to May, 1981, the humid, deep-fried city of Atlanta was besieged by a string of murders claiming young black males. Victims were variously shot, choked, bludgeoned, or suffocated, and most of their

bodies were found along the Chattahoochee River. The city was gripped with fear, with citizens wearing green ribbons to demonstrate their concern. Show-biz luminaries such as Burt Reynolds, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Frank Sinatra donated money to help find the killer.

In the early morning hours of May 22, 1981, police heard a loud splash in the Chattahoochee and stopped a car which appeared to be pulling away from the scene. Its driver was Wayne Williams, a twenty-three-year-old ambulance-chasing photographer and shortwave-radio fanatic. Police questioned Williams and released him. Two days later, when a body was dredged from the river, they charged Williams with the Child Murders.

A black man who preferred mingling with whites, Williams had been arrested at eighteen for impersonating a police officer. He was an alleged bisexual who offered money to boys in exchange for carnal favors. A sometime musical talent scout, he had been seen handing out leaflets offering free counseling for males aged eleven to twenty-one.

The killings ceased after Williams's arrest. Concurrent with the Child Murders were the lesser-publicized killings of thirty-eight black females. Though Williams never confessed, he was convicted of two murders based on fiber evidence and linked to at least twenty more. A former Atlanta policeman said that the forensic evidence was flawed and that the case should be reopened. Williams's lawyer said that a KKK member named Charles Sanders had confessed on tape to helping other Klansmen kidnap and kill twenty-one young blacks. Since Wayne's arrest, it has been alleged that police suppressed this evidence in order to avert a race riot. The case is currently on appeal.



★ 98 ★  
**AILEEN WUORNOS**  
"The Damsel of Death"



**RIGHT ON, SISTER!** After countless creeps who prey on hookers, there *finally* comes along a hooker who kills her tricks! "Lee" Wuornos, who looks like Jack Nicholson with Axl Rose's hair, killed seven middle-aged white johns over a yearlong period ending late in 1990. Among her victims were a construction worker, a driver for a sausage company, a child-custody investigator, and a missionary for the Christ is the Answer Crusade. All were found in wooded areas near Daytona Beach, Florida, most of them naked and lying next to used condoms.

Until a month before her abduction, Wuornos had been living with lesbian lover Tyria Moore, a husky, gaptoothed dead ringer for Charles Durning. They stayed at the Fairview Motel, a plush fifteen-dollar-a-night establishment south of Daytona. Their room featured a 3-D wall replica of *The Last Supper*. Wuornos frequented the Last Resort, a skeezy biker bar with panties



drooping from the ceiling, where she liked to hustle pool and play Randy Travis's "Diggin' Up Bones" on the jukebox. Tyria said Aileen tried to service eight to ten clients a night. Moore recalled that Wuornos told her she only murdered her customers when they got rough or didn't pay. A cop later theorized that Wuornos, thirty-four, turned to robbery and murder because her hooking skills were fading.

Whatever Aileen's reasons were, her hatred for men reached to the marrow. Her teenaged parents were already divorced by the time she was born. "Wuornos" was her mother's surname. Though she never met her father, he was a convicted child molester who hanged himself in jail. Aileen's grandfather beat her with a belt buckle and killed himself, too. Her alcoholic grandmother died of a trashed liver. Wuornos first became pregnant at thirteen and started turning tricks a year later. At age twenty, she married a seventy-year-old man, a union which lasted one month. In 1978, Wuornos shot herself in the stomach, one of six suicide attempts. She told a psychologist in 1981 that she'd been raped and beaten ten to twelve times while hitchhiking.

After the murder conviction, a born-again Christian horse breeder "adopted" Wuornos and turned her on to Christ. Aileen Wuornos, who faces the electric chair, may have finally met a man she likes—Jesus.

**QUOTED:** "They're gonna electrocute me, give me life in prison, and I don't deserve it. . . . It was just self-defense."

**CHARACTER WITNESS** (Arlene Pralle, Wuornos's liaison to Christ): "[She] is very kind, compassionate, has a heart of gold. If the world could know the real Aileen Wuornos, there's not a jury that would convict her."



## ★ 99 ★ ZEBRA KILLERS



Anyone with sense knows that white people are a weak, recessive race of blue-eyed devils. A group of Black Muslims calling themselves "Death Angels" sought to aid Allah in eliminating these pink-skinned pariahs by killing them at random. To become a Death Angel, one had to murder either nine white males, five white females, or four white children. Free transportation to Mecca was promised to those who fulfilled these qualifications. An estimated two thousand persons earned their "wings."

The Zebra Killers were arrested before they reached their quota, but they sure as hell tried. Over six months from 1973 to 1974, they fatally shot or stabbed fifteen and wounded eight more. Murders were either drive-bys or walk-ups, most at close range. The Zebra Killers (so named because they were blacks who killed whites) frequently smiled and said, "Hello, devil" before shooting their victims. Whitey was shot while at a pay phone, going through the trash, in a laundromat, at a bus stop, and delivering a teddy bear to his sister. On January 28, 1974, the Zebras killed five Caucasians in one night.

A group of five black men were found to be the principal perpetrators, but one (A.C. Harris) turned informant and testified with impunity. The Nation of Islam paid for three defense lawyers. At an exhausting trial where stenographers logged three-and-a-half-million words, the four defendants were found guilty and received life sentences. One of the accused, J.C. Simon, testified on the stand that he'd received a personal visit from Allah. Was Simon at least gracious enough to serve Allah some coffee and a nosh?



## ★ 100 ★ ZODIAC KILLER



Some people will do anything for publicity. The elusive "Zodiac" killed people and blabbed about it in roughly two dozen letters to California newspapers. He described his murders with crystalline accuracy, including details that only the police and the killer would know. He sometimes told cops where they could find the bodies. After slaying a cabdriver, he sent a letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, enclosing a shred of the cabbie's bloody shirt. In one letter, he claimed to be "very upset" that Bay Area residents hadn't responded to his request that they "wear some nice Zodiac buttons," threatening to take out an entire school bus if they didn't comply. Taunting the San Francisco Police Department, many of his murder missives ended with a body count: "Me-37; SFPD-0." Fond of quoting Gilbert and Sullivan, he was an apparently literate man who tried to throw off police by stuffing his epistles

with gross misspellings. Some of his mailings were in a cipher which baffled investigators, though it later turned out to be Morse code. It was speculated that he masturbated while writing his letters.

He was spotted after the cabdriver murder and described as a heavyset man with a red crew cut and glasses. He was known to strike couples on weekends, near bodies of water and under a new or full moon. He killed a couple in a lovers'-lane setting just before Christmas, 1968. On July 4, 1969, he shined a flashlight in the eyes of a couple who were parked alone. Holding them at gunpoint, he bound them, stuck a knife in the man, and stabbed the woman in a cross pattern. (Other accounts say he shot them, but that's journalism for you.) Using a magic marker, he then scribbled the date and the cross-within-a-circle Zodiac symbol on their car. The girl died but her boyfriend survived, relating how his attacker wore a square hood emblazoned with the Zodiac sign.

Since Zodiac was never caught, and since California is the Murder Capital of the Universe, it's difficult to tally his victims. Though his killings were thought to have ceased, he wrote the San Francisco Police Department in 1974, apparently hurt that he was fading into obscurity and promising to murder again if he didn't receive his due respect. Though he has vanished from the limelight, some think he's now operating in New York City. The film *Dirty Harry* was supposedly based on Zodiac's story, with Clint Eastwood hunting the mysterious "Scorpio."

**QUOTED** (from a coded letter, with misspellings and grammatical errors corrected so you don't bitch about typos): "I like killing people because it is so much fun. It is more fun than killing wild game in the forest, because man is the most dangerous animal of all. To kill something gives me the most thrilling experience. It is even better than getting your rocks off with a girl. The best part of it is that when I die, I will be reborn in paradise, and all [that] I have killed will become my slaves. I will not give you my name, because you will try to slow down or stop my collecting of slaves for the afterlife." ■



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